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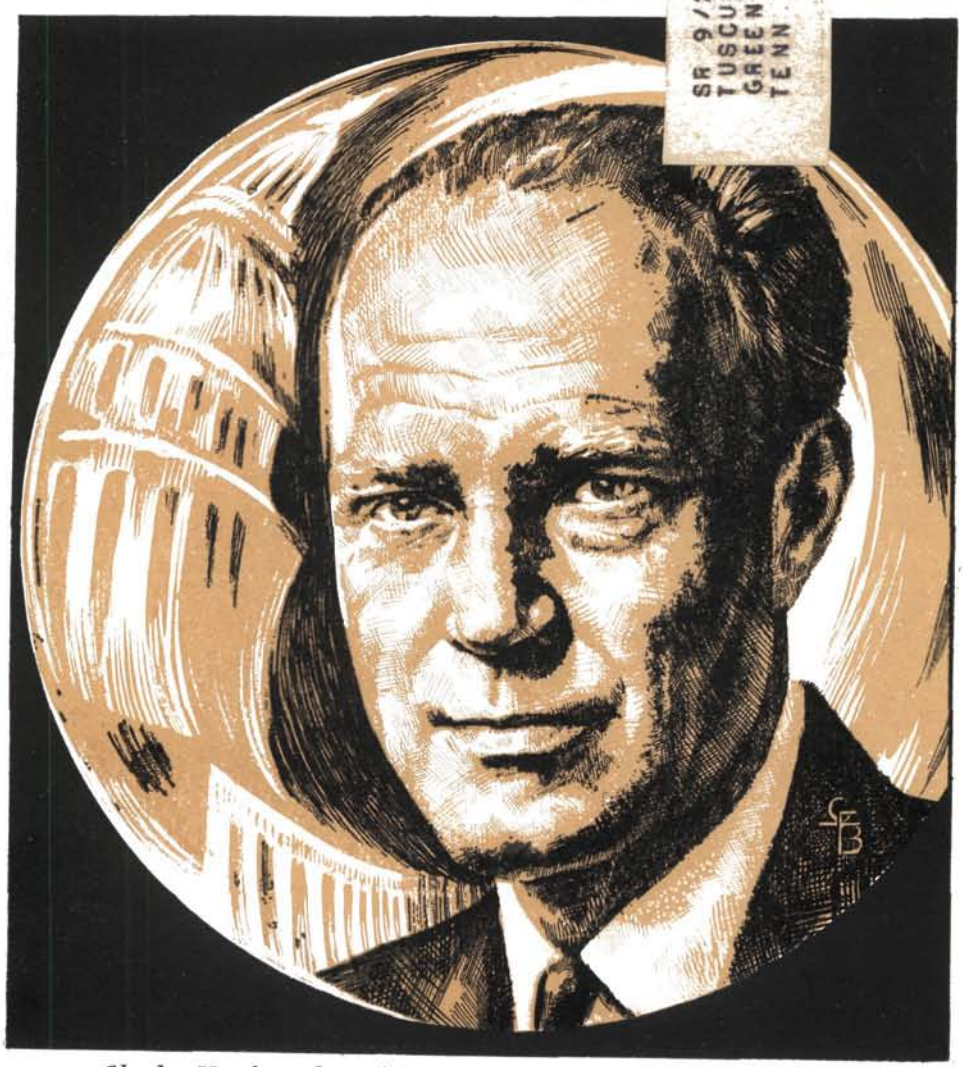

*Charles Hurd, author of "Washington Cavalcade."* *(See page 8)*

# *Ancestor of Anti-Realism*

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

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# TRADE Winds

**SOME MONTHS AGO** I told Colston Leigh that I would like to spend a week in the Middle West talking about current trends in the book business, and he promptly arranged for me a series of lectures, on successive days, in Janesville, Wisconsin; St. Paul; Lake Forest, Illinois, and Indianapolis. Just before I left I gave what I considered convincing reasons for the jaunt to my wife, Phyllis. First, I always had wondered how actors and lecturers could sustain the rigors attendant upon a series of one-night stands, and sought to learn what they would do to my own natural enthusiasm and vitality. Second, publishers stayed too close to their offices in New York, and needed to know what folks in other parts of the country were saying and thinking. Third, I would meet a lot of authors and booksellers in their native haunts. Fourth, by talking about Random House books and authors, I would be affording my own firm priceless publicity.

"These all are excellent reasons for going," I declared while I packed my valise. "Don't you agree?" My wife replied, "Pooh to all that. The reason you are going, my dear, is that you are a first-class ham." With these words ringing in my ears, I set out for Janesville. . . .

**JANESVILLE, TWO HOURS** by train from Chicago, is in the heart of the country that produces some of the most delectable cheeses in America, but I couldn't find a single shop in the city that would ship some home for me. One dealer suggested that I drive to Monroe to get some ("It's only forty miles away," he assured me). Another said, "The best place to get Wisconsin cheese is Washington Market, New York." The third scoffed at the very idea of cheese. "The thing to buy in Janesville," he insisted, "is a Parker '51' Pen." It developed that the factory across the street, humming with activity, was where Parker Pens were manufactured. I settled for a bottle of Quink. . . . Hiram Nowlan and his glamorous wife had just come home from New Haven, and showed me the latest issue of *The Yale Record,* a hilarious parody of a Hollywood fan magazine. It's worth ordering direct from *The Record*—if the issue is not already sold out. . . . In the vestry of the Janesville Congregational Church, waiting to give my all to the cause of literature, I heard a story that was brand new to me. It concerned a couple who bearded Hughston McBain, head of Marshall Field, in his private office one morning and demanded, "What do you want for the entire outfit?" Mr. McBain, equal to any occasion, snapped, "Ninety million dollars cash." "You wouldn't take eighty-nine?" suggested the wife. "No, ma'am," McBain told her. "Ninety is the price; take it or leave it." "In that case," she said, "my husband and I will have to go into a huddle. He'll give you our decision in fifteen minutes." Mr. McBain murmured, "Now I've heard everything," and turned back to his correspondence. To his surprise, however, the man returned promptly in a quarter of an hour, and reported, "I'm sorry, but we have decided to turn down your proposition." "The price was too stiff, I suppose," chuckled McBain. "It wasn't that," the man assured him gravely, "but when we examined the situation, we found out there's no place to live in the back of the store!" . . .

**ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,** I discovered, was one city that had no time to discuss a "cold war" with Soviet Russia; it was too occupied with a very "hot war" with Minneapolis. The forums conducted six times annually by the Women's Institute of St. Paul attract audiences of ten to twelve thousand people, afternoons and evenings, but the Minneapolis newspapers ignore them completely. The one that syndicates Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day" went so far as to omit the column she devoted to an account of her appearance in St. Paul! Neven Stevenson, of Dodd, Mead, recalls that when his firm published H. V. Morton's religious best seller, "In the Steps of Saint Paul," two Minneapolis stores refused to stock it. . . . The thought struck me: how can the great nations of the world be expected to get along when two cities in the same state, separated only by the Mississippi River, contrive to hate each other so sincerely and so utterly without humor or reason? . . .

The St. Paul Institute programs are the brain child of the merchants of the city, and the Ridder family, who run its newspapers. A large part of the audience comes from towns a hundred miles away or more. "Are you pleased with the results?" I asked Agnes Ridder. "I'll say" she answered. "The day of our last program, one store alone sold forty fur coats." "When I've finished," I warned her, "there will be a run on ear muffs." . . . Speaking to over nine thousand ladies was a new experience for me! I avoided panic by fixing my gaze on one lone male I discovered in about the fourteenth row. He turned out to be Carl Henneman, of the *Pioneer Press,* and at the end of the performance he paid me what I consider the highest compliment I received on the trip. "Boy," he declared, "do you get away with murder!" . . .

**MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL** were still buzzing about Harold Stassen's autographing party of November 11, although several dealers resented the fact that he appeared in only two stores—Powers's and the Golden Rule. Over 4,000 copies of his book were sold in three hours. At Powers's Alice Carlson had to call out the police. One photographer climbed to the top

**"But I've always wanted to hear the patter of rain on a tin roof!"**



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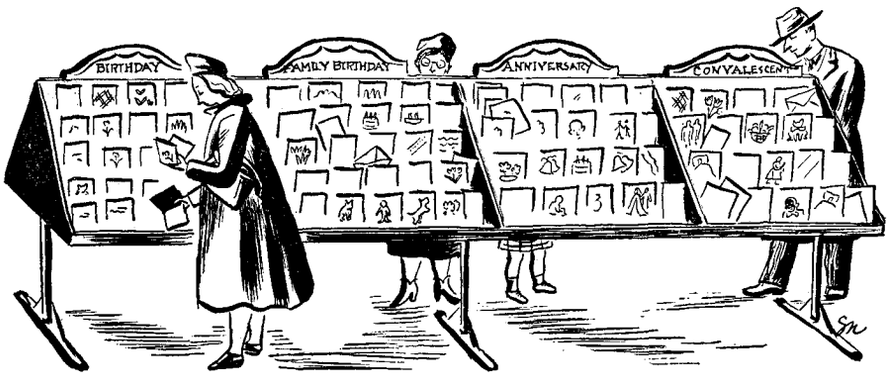


of a partition to snap the mob scene, lost his balance, and disappeared backwards into the shoe department. Mr. Stassen gave him an autographed book, and a shoe clerk gave him a Band-Aid. . . . This is the center of the Stassen boom, of course, but even in Minnesota people are asking, "Do you think there's any chance of Eisenhower getting the Republican nomination?" . . .

**THE UNIVERSITY OF** Minnesota, with an enrollment of thirty thousand, is the second largest in America (California tops it), and Lyman Newlin, of the Minnesota Book Store, has surrounded the students completely with three strategically placed and cannily stocked branches. . . . Sinclair Lewis has just concluded a visit there in connection with his next novel. Up and coming authors on the spot include Ann Chidester, Feike Feikema, Eileen Davis, Eric Bentley, and Saul Bellow. The campus yearns for the return of its literary hero, Robert Penn Warren. . . . At the St. Paul Book & Stationery Co., I was delighted to see Lillian Case, a graduate of the Roberta Martin School at Woodward & Lothrop. Mrs. Anderson, of the Dayton Co., was waiting for me too—with shillelagh! . . .

**MOST INTRIGUING** spot in St. Paul is at the intersection of Fourth and St. Peter Streets, where a chemical substance in the air, supposedly in the smoke from the Hotel St. Paul across the way, makes nylon stockings actually dissolve and disappear on the legs of frustrated female passers-by. Lyman Newlin promises to open a branch there if the girls ever go in for nylon dresses. . . . In Minneapolis, Margie Tucker and the John Baxters took me to a fine dinner at Schiek's, a restaurant that suggests Luchow's or Locke-Ober's inside, but whose newly reconstructed facade is a cross between Frank Lloyd Wright and Salvador Dali. Very confusing. . . .

**THE TRIP FROM** St. Paul to Chicago, along the snow-covered shores of the Mississippi, is comparable only to the ride down the Hudson—and in one of the new glass-domed cars of the Burlington's Zephyr, the passengers can see everything to the best advantage. These crack Western trains are making the equipment of the Eastern lines look like relics of the McKinley era—and travelers are having plenty to say on the subject. . . .

**MY VISIT TO** Lake Forest was highlighted by meetings with Dr. Ernest Johnson and Professor Tomlinson, and dinner with Mrs. McGibeny, whose juvenile, "Ali and the Boy of Baku," will be a feature of the Crowell list next season. I just did miss a debate between Louis Bromfield and Nelson Ahlgren in which, according to Emmet Dedmon, the punches flew faster than in the Louis-Walcott brawl. I did *not* miss a blizzard, preserving my record of never having seen the sun shine on Chicago. Clare Jaynes assured me, "You should have been here on August 7." . . .

**MY TRAIN** (Pennsylvania) was so late getting into Indianapolis that I had no chance to visit the bookshops or Bobbs-Merrill, as I had intended. I found the city boiling over John Gunther's blast in "Inside U.S.A." He called it "unkempt, unswept, and raw . . . with the second ugliest monument in the world," and added that a lecturing friend told him "it is the worst audience in the United States." My own short stay was made pleasant by Kathryn Garten and Julian Kiser and their friends, but I do remember with a shudder a gargoylish character who sat in the front row and regarded me with such concentrated and unrelieved malevolence that I yearned to jump down from the platform and punch her in the nose.

"You mustn't let things like that bother you," counsels Colston Leigh. "Experienced lecturers learn to roll with the punches." Never, I am afraid, will I ever reach the status of "an experienced lecturer." . . . My observations on the whole amazing lecture business, and the more amazing Mr. Leigh who has made it his own particular oyster, will have to be saved for some future column.

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

# Sidney Lanier

## Ancestor of Anti-Realism

ROBERT E. SPILLER

SOME time ago Henry Seidel Canby announced in *SRL* the obsequies of the realistic movement and named as its pall bearers those professors of our literature who have but recently discovered such up-to-the-minute writers as Theodore Dreiser. The purpose of this article is to sound a warning to at least one of the successors of realism—the as-yet unlabeled literary movement centered in the poetry and criticism of T. S. Eliot—for the academic termites are at work upon it. This movement is analytical, critical, mystical, intellectual, symbolic, decadent—in short, it is everything anti-realistic. It is concerned with the extension of the human personality into pure meaning rather than with the direct communication of ideas and emotions. It is impressed by the value of the single word, the rhythm of the single phrase, the power of the simple or the complex image. It looks into a mirror to find truth. Its poets and critics and novelists support and attack and amuse each other while the book clubs pass it by and the public largely ignores or resents it. But the professors are giving courses and writing learned articles about it. Beware!

And the professors are discovering that this movement, like its antithesis, the realistic movement, is an American tradition with roots that extend well back into our literary history. We are confronted, therefore, by a paradox. On the one hand it has been demonstrated that close attention to actualities and the effort to reproduce life accurately in story and verse have created the dominant trend in American literature at least since the time of William Dean Howells. On the other, we find our leading poets and novelists of today turning away from actualities and seeking to articulate their inner experiences by systems of images and rhythms and intricate prose forms which apparently have

little connection with actual experience. The dominant trend in contemporary American literature—a trend which has been growing in strength since about 1925—seems to be violently anti-realistic. Sources for it have been sought—and found—in Joyce, Proust, and Freud, but little effort has been made to trace it back in our own literary history. Surely it must have, like realism, a native ancestry of its own.

The recent publication by the Johns Hopkins Press of the complete (perhaps all too nearly complete) writings of Sidney Lanier* provides some evidence that this anti-realistic tradition is as American in its ancestry as is realism itself. And the publication of a selection of his works by his original publisher,** with the main emphasis placed on the later poems, shows that his experiments have added to his popularity through the years. It is only unfortunate that, with the definitive text of the poems established by Anderson, the editor of this volume of selections chose to base his text on that of 1884. But add to these evidences of interest in our non-realistic writing of the Eighties, the appearance of a new collection of the work of E. A. Poe,* and a revival of interest in Henry James and Henry Adams. It is obvious that some new historical backgrounds for contemporary American literature are being sketched in by the scholars. Much detailed work remains to be done on such problems as the probable connection between the symbolism of Adams and that of Eugene O'Neill, the Jamesean analysis of personality and that of Faulkner, and the mystical split between the psyche and the conscious will as found in Poe's "Ulalume" and Eliot's "Prufrock." But a few broad generalizations may be made by way of initial hypothesis. One of these is that Sidney Lanier, in the last eight years of his life (1874-1881), provided by his studies and his experiments rather than by his actual poetic achievement much of the preliminary groundwork for contemporary poetry.

Lanier was a man of books and music rather than of life. With health destroyed by the Civil War, he announced in 1878, in a series of articles on "The Physics of Poetry," a breach with literary fashion as emphatic as that of Walt Whitman. These lectures essays were then revised and published as "The Science of English Verse" in 1880. Amateur and unsound as this book may be in some respects it is the first comprehensive study of English prosody by an American poet; and it is supported and illu

*THE CENTENNIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF SIDNEY LANIER. Edited by Charles R. Anderson and others. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1945. 10 vol. $30.

**SELECTED POEMS OF SIDNEY LANIER. With a preface by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. xiii. + 146 pp. $2.50.

*COMPLETE POEMS AND STORIES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With introduction and explanatory notes by Arthur Hobson Quinn and bibliographical notes by Edward H. O'Neill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 2 vols. 1092 pp. $10.



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trated by a handful of experimental poetry unlike anything previously written in our literature, even though its kinship with the ideas and experiments of Poe can easily be discovered. With it, at least one source for the contemporary movement in American poetry came to the surface of recognition. Behind it are four volumes of letters and several more of less skilful critical writing which reveal the formative stages of its central thesis.

Poetry, said Lanier, is basically sound, not sense. It is music in words and it can be comprehended only when the physical laws of sound are deliberately applied to it. It should be measured by such agencies as duration, pitch, intensity, and tone-color rather than by meter, accent, rhyme, alliteration, assonance, and stanzaic structure. It should be represented by musical notes, rests, bars, and staves rather than by feet, accents, and diacritical marks. It achieves its effects by such manipulation of words into pure rhythm and imagery as:

To the zenith ascending, a dome of
undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive,
from out of the sea:
The hive is of gold, undazzling, but
oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the built-fire Bee,
—Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-
Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole
over the sea.

And not by such metered ideas as are found in Longfellow's:

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

In reading poetry, asserts Lanier, the eye "merely purveys for the ear. . . The term 'verse' denotes a set of specially related sounds." Ornate and repetitious as Lanier's own sound-picture effects often are, they establish an attitude toward the technique of verse quite new in its day. Restraint and polish were to come later.

NEW, THAT is, except for Poe and perhaps some lesser Southern poets like Chivers and Timrod. Poe had similarly emphasized esthetic values at the sacrifice of intellectual content as much as thirty years earlier in his "Philosophy of Composition" and in such wholly mechanical experiments in verse as "The Bells." But Lanier's challenge was nevertheless startling to an age in which Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier were enconced in the public taste. Whitman alone was in full revolt in the Seventies, but Whitman's challenge to the dominant British romanticism was as different from Lanier's as it was from that romanticism itself. Whitman was leading in the direction of life—of realism; Lanier, in the direction of art —of self-conscious technique. Whitman was surging outward from his personality; Lanier was turning inward with the sharp scalpel of analysis. Emerson in that day was almost alone stressing the inwardness of the poetic revelation but his ear was unfortunately not attuned to his beloved Aeolean harp and he was not widely accepted as a poet. Emily Dickinson, the most musical and "metaphysical" of them all, was to remain unheard for several decades more. Lanier's revolt may therefore well prove to be the turning point in the historical development of our poetic tradition.

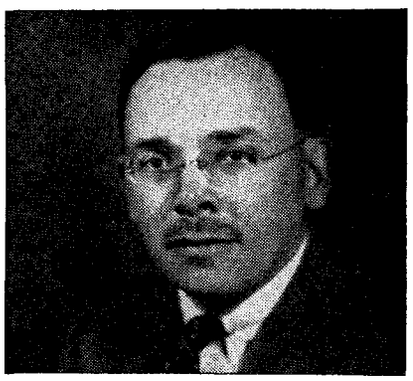
So sharp a turn in direction must have well defined sources, and a few of these can here be indicated even though the problem is far too complex to be solved in so hasty a review. Whereas most American poets like Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, and Whittier had been schooled in the English eighteenth - century nature poets like Cowper and Gray and had followed this source of inspiration down into the romantic revolt of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, Lanier, like Emerson, went back directly to the Elizabethan lyrists, from them to the seventeenth-century metaphysicals, and, jumping over the whole of eighteenth-century rationalism, to the romanticism of Keats and Shelley. Lanier's enthusiasms were Keats and Spenser, Shakespeare and Herbert, and he read deeply into the Elizabethan-Aristotelean controversies on the nature and purpose of poetry as expressed by Gosson, Sidney, and Puttenham. He was thus early imbued with the Elizabethan religion of art, and he was schooled to deal with ideas as entities of the consciousness rather than as components of systematic philosophies in the tradition of rationalism, or as servants of the emotions in the tradition of romanticism.

With the Elizabethans, he shared a love of music, and he had more than a little competence with the flute. The connections between poetry and music seemed to him, therefore, an inevitable consequence of the common origins of the two arts rather than an artificial study of analogies. The art of poetry thus became for him primarily the manifestation of sound and, through tone-color, of sight, rather than the communication of "truths."

In emphasizing Lanier's concern for the art of sound I am here, of course, deliberately by-passing an obvious kinship between him and the more conventional poets of his day, and an obvious difference between him and the moderns. This is his emphasis on moral idealism as expressed in his most-quoted line: "Music is Love in search of a word." The development of this idea would provide material for at least another essay, and as I am here attempting merely to stress one historical aspect of his work rather than to provide a well-rounded critical analysis, it is perhaps unnecessary. In any case, it is impossible.

The third source of his emphasis on art rather than on actuality lies in his interest in science. Lanier went far beyond the Elizabethan in his curiosity about the link between music and poetry and in his hope of finding its explanation in physics. When he went to Baltimore in 1873 he was immediately absorbed into the renaissance of orchestral music by playing in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra and into the renaissance of American science through his connection with

(*Continued on page 24*)



## *My Current Reading*

**Earnest Albert Hooton,** Harvard anthropologist, contributes a reading list this week to *SRL*'s continuing survey of the current reading of well-known Americans. Professor Hooton is the author of "Up From the Apes," "Why Men Behave Like Apes and Vice Versa," and other provocative and stimulating books widely read outside of anthropological circles, as well as within.

MEN OUT OF ASIA, *by Harold Sterling Gladwin (Whittlesey House)*

MAINSPRINGS OF CIVILIZATION, *by Ellsworth Huntington (John Wiley)*

VARIETIES OF HUMAN PHYSIQUE, *by W. H. Sheldon, S. S. Stevens, and W. Tucker (Harper)*

VARIETIES OF TEMPERAMENT, *by W. H. Sheldon and S. S. Stevens (Harper)*

MAD OR MUDDLED? *by Porter Sargent (Porter Sargent, Boston, Mass.)*

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS, *by Sir Arthur Keith (Putnam)*



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**Americana.** *It is interesting to speculate on what lies behind the intense interest of Americans since the war in the shape, color, feel, and history of their land. Is it a search for security in the roots of our past or in a diverting regionalism—both far from the ugly world situation, from the problems of the future? Or has a victorious nation, a new world power, become suddenly aware of itself, of its strength and diversity? In any case this year has seen a flood of books on all aspects of the United States, past and present, of which the four reviewed below are typical examples. Charles Hurd's "Washington Cavalcade," incidentally, forms a fitting introduction to John Gunther's coming book on the Capital. And to supplement "The Overland Trail," see John Bakeless's magnificient "Lewis and Clark."*

# 147 Years of Capital Personalities

*WASHINGTON CAVALCADE. By Charles Hurd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 320 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by ERNEST K. LINDLEY

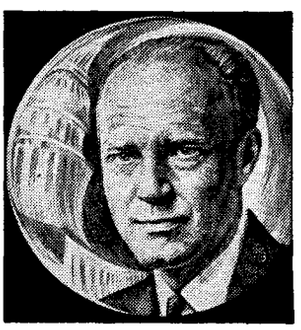
THIS pleasant book is the second in the Society in America series. The purpose of these volumes, as defined by the publisher, is "to portray the individual characteristics, to underscore the idiosyncrasies, and to trace the growth of sectional societies with special emphasis on local traditions and on the personalities who embody them."

This is an awkward directive for a book on Washington. The striking characteristics of Washington society —with or without capitalization—are not sectional. They are not local except in the sense that they are not duplicated elsewhere. They are by-products of the fact that Washington is the seat of the national government. Such peculiarities of social custom as are to be found in Washington are related to the "protocol" of official entertainment. Most of the interesting personalities—or at least those who are also important—are transients. They have come and gone in thousands. To exclude them would be arbitrary and artifical and probably result in a book that nobody would want to read. Yet if you include them the canvas becomes national and international. The personalities and social sidelights of any one year provide enough material for several amusing books, even if the shape and meaning of larger affairs are ignored. This one volume is supposed to "cover" Washington for 147 years—the growth of the city, the development of its social characteristics, and its endless procession of personalities (underscoring idiosyncrasies).

The author, Charles Hurd, was well chosen. He went to Washington nineteen years ago as a member of *The New York Times* Bureau. He is an able and genially sophisticated observer with an eye for detail and an ear for a juicy anecdote. He had demonstrated in his previous writings, notably his book on the White House, his diligence in ferreting interesting facts from the historical records. In this book, he undertook a mission which no one could execute. He has made the best of it, for the relaxation of the reader, by producing a savory potpourri of anecdotes, entertaining facts, and glimpses of the great, near-great, and their hangers-on, both political and social.

Mr. Hurd begins with a tongue-in-the cheek refutation of the charge that Washington is built on a swamp. He recounts the deal between Hamilton and Jefferson which put the national capital where it is. He recalls that when the Executive branch moved into Washington it consisted of 167 persons all-told, and that the city grew at the rate of only about 1,000 a year until the Civil War. He continually summons up such significant details as that it was not until 1892 that the three "great powers"—Great Britain, France, and Germany—indicated their willingness to accord equality to the United States by exchanging ambassadors instead of ministers.

There are many feminine characters in this book—Dolly Madison, Peg O'Neale, Grover Cleveland's bride, Mrs. Galt, Evalyn Walsh MacLean, Alice Longworth, and scores of others, mostly unimportant but useful to the author's purpose in illustrating the social foibles of the capital. Among them are many hostesses. Washington has no café society, and it supports only one theatre. Dinner, luncheon, and cocktail parties are the predominant form of entertainment. But rarely, if ever, has there been a dominating salon, or even an important one. In recent years, the woman who came nearest to the goal was Mrs J. Borden Harriman, later Minister to Norway, with her Sunday night suppers in Franklin Roosevelt's early years. These brought together leading New Dealers, Democrats, and Republicans, and after the food came informal and usually lively debates on important issues. Mr. Hurd does not mention her. And it must be admitted



**THE AUTHOR:** Charles Hurd was born in Oklahoma Indian Territory, where both his grandfathers settled when The Strip was opened. At thirteen his family moved to St. Louis "to get some sort of decent education into me." It took two years. He graduated high school in 1918, got a job as cub reporter on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, was too enthusiastic about it to take more than extension courses at Washington University and Northwestern. In 1926, after five years with the AP in Chicago and New York, he became associate editor of *Liberty*. Three years later *The New York Times* tagged him for its Washington Bureau, where, except for a year with the London Bureau and another to set up *Newsweek*'s department on post-war developments, he has remained. While White House correspondent for six years during the Roosevelt Administration, he wrote "The White House: A Biography," regarded as the authority on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. He was Mr. Ochs's veterans' editor from 1944 through '46 (when the paper "ran out of crusade"), wrote a second book, "The Veterans' Program," a monthly Washington page for *Redbook*, and innumerable articles. Marriage into an old D.C. family gave him an inside-out perspective on Capital society for "Washington Cavalcade." He's currently concentrating on economics for both *The Times* and another book, tentatively titled "U.S. Unlimited" and scheduled for autumn publication. He likes to fish and write fiction, but doesn't think much of the latter as "a stable way to eat." R. G.



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that the nice people— often widows— with money, who manage to corral important people just to drink and dine well, are more representative of the prominent unofficial hostesses.

The limited diplomatic value of formal social activities is brought out, penetratingly, by Mr. Hurd by illustrations from the year 1939. All the major embassies fell on their social faces—including the British, which was then still under the fearfully correct regime of Sir Ronald Lindsay. What tripped the British was a garden party for the King and Queen, the invitation list of which omitted many who thought they should be there and included sundry nonentities.

Mr. Hurd points, in contrast, to the "great success" of Lord Halifax, who made it his business to get acquainted with the United States and its people. He omits mention, however, of the intervening ambassador, Lord Lothian, who already knew the United States and whose informal and direct ways set the example for Halifax.

Among the comparatively recent innovations, Mr. Hurd cites the annual White House reception for the press instituted by the Franklin Roosevelts. He catalogues, with brief descriptions, some of the important public figures of the Roosevelt years and a few of those in the Truman Administration. But these are hardly more than identifications which add little or nothing to the various themes of the book Among them, incidentally, Secretary of State Marshall is mentioned only in passing. I found myself wishing that Mr. Hurd had left them all out except as he could recall some good anecdotes about them.

The Civil War years are almost totally omitted—probably in deference to Margaret Leech. There is little about the First World War. Probably nothing is lost thereby. For Mr. Hurd unquestionably had many times the amount of material he could use in one volume.

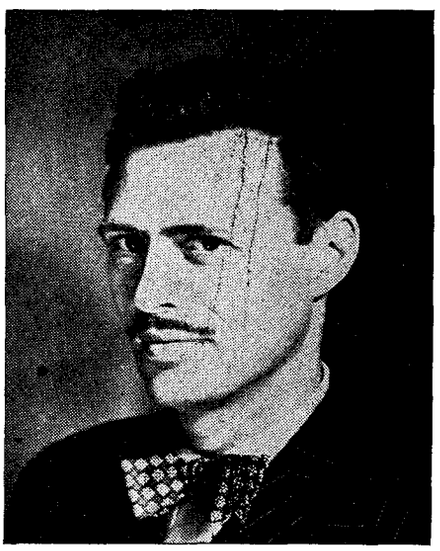
A member of an old Washington family, writing in a privately printed booklet some years ago, is quoted approvingly by Mr. Hurd:

> It has been said that in no place in the world does money count for so much or so little as in Washington. While it is true that a great statesman may find himself at a social disadvantage without adequate income, and great wealth, if united to official position, is able to attract attention and political following by lavish display and entertainment, yet, at the same time, money, unaccompanied by other advantages, is nowhere so helpless as in Washington, while talent, culture, and engaging personality are always at a high premium.

The analysis is still correct.

This book, one suspects, will be enjoyed by a great many people in slightly differing ways. Those who know Washington the best will enjoy most the earlier sections, if only because most of the later material is already familiar to them. Those who know Washington least well probably will enjoy it all, except perhaps the brief sections, here and there, on the physical growth of the city, including the precise locations of certain buildings and houses. It is a good book to have at the side of your bed, or anywhere else you may want to find in a hurry, by starting on almost any page, agreeable reading.

## *New England Exhibitor*



Many of Barrows Mussey's sources are accessible only to determined people.

*YANKEE LIFE BY THOSE WHO LIVED IT. Edited by Barrows Mussey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1947. 550 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THE REDISCOVERY of New England, particularly by New Englanders, is one of the more agreeable phenomena of these generally disagreeable times. Mr. Mussey's contribution to this booming renaissance is worthy and competent, and makes good reading. He has drawn on the work of some fifty expert witnesses—substantial citizens, preachers, lawyers, merchants, rogues, eccentrics, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, farmers, printers, painters, and a handful of nobodies who set down the record of crowded hours in vivid and all but vanished pamphlets. Only a few of his sources such as "The Education of Henry Adams" and "Two Years Before the Mast," are readily available; many of them are accessible only to those determined people who, like Mr. Mussey, prowl from antiquarian bookshop to historical society, from rural library to great metropolitan repository, in quest of the record of life as it used to be lived.

Mr. Mussey has roamed and read to good purpose. His findings provide that most delightful of commentaries on the life of an earlier era: the inevitable implied comparison between other times and our own. Here is Timothy Dwight, sometime president of Yale College, reporting that "the proportion of animal food eaten in this country [*i.e.*, New England] is excessive," and that "at entertainments, the dining-table is loaded with a much greater variety of dishes than good sense will justify." Here is Samuel Griswold Goodrich ("Peter Parley" to our great-grandparents) recalling an era when "friction matches had not been sent from the regions of brimstone, to enable every boy or beggar to carry a conflagration in his pocket." Here is Thomas Low Nichols recalling an era when "there were no landlords in this country" (he meant New Hampshire), and when "the two or three richest men in our parts were wildly reported to be worth forty or fifty thousand dollars." Here is Charles Taber Congdon of New Bedford, later right-hand-man to Horace Greeley, reliving the "melancholy evening . . . when the news came that General Jackson has been elected to the Presidency, and that John Quincy Adams was defeated. My impression is that I cried"—he was eight years old.

Although Mr. Mussey's Yankees sprawl over three centuries, the big majority of them lived into or in the nineteenth century, and a few in the twentieth. "Yankee Life," therefore, is largely a composite picture of a New England of recognizable outline and investiture, and not a conglomerate of Puritan worthies, blunderbusses, and dripping scalps.

## *Anatomy of Hoosierism*

*INDIANA: AN INTERPRETATION. By John Bartlow Martin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1947. 300 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

WITHOUT defining his terms, the author describes this book as journalism, not history; one man's interpretation of "the Hoosier character, the Hoosier thought, and the Hoosier way of living." He may refer to its lively, bouncy style and the hundreds of tangential anecdotes, or to the easy, free-wheeling pursuit of many ideas, movements, and characters to a conclusion or end which is disillusioning or lacking in the idealism or "moral" thought necessary for school-



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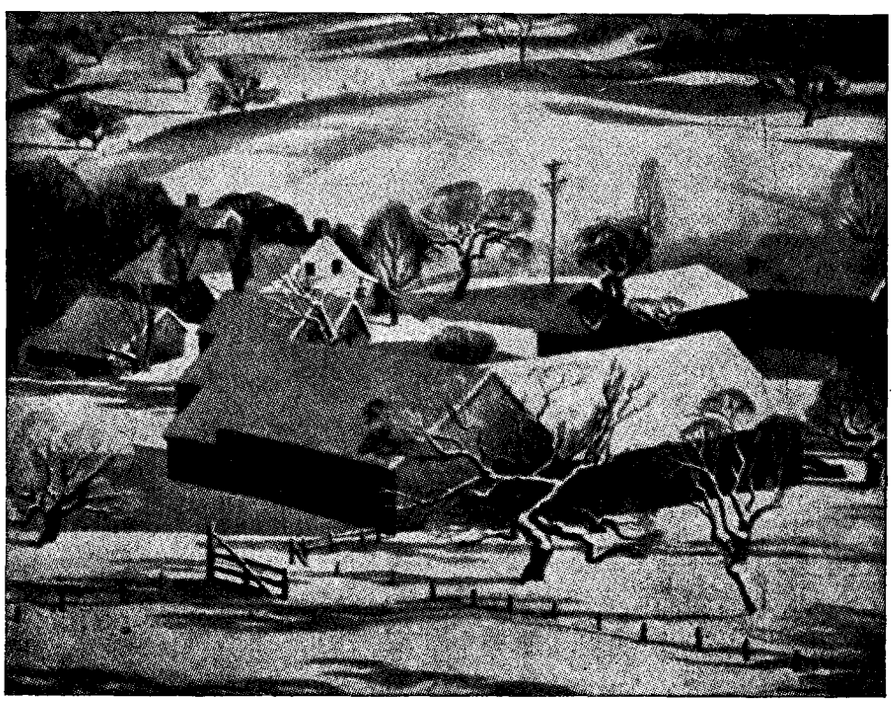
room histories. There have been many books on this crossroads state. John Martin's justification for this new one is not that Indiana is atypical, but that a close survey of its mores and people will illuminate the other forty-seven states as well; he notes that Mark Sullivan declares that the Hoosier approaches most nearly the typical American, and that the Lynds found Middletown in Indiana.

If the "Interpretation" is not history, it is a perfectly satisfactory substitute for it. The vivid early chapters sketch the pre-Golden Age background—the pioneer settlers, the growth of the agrarian state, which after the Civil War was transformed into an industrial state, powerful politically, a fountainhead of social and political heterodoxies, and of ugly bigotry and intolerance as well. The Golden Age of Indiana stretched from the 1880's to the early 1900's, when unrestrained capitalism flourished and scattered at least crumbs of the feast to all. Indiana had its own literature, its own school of painters, a poet laureate nationally known; the theatre prospered; and there were more literary clubs in the state than movie theatres now. Indianapolis was as gaudily wicked as New Orleans, rivaled New York in its restaurants and brothels.

Then came a period of accelerated growth and militant confusion, when the Hapwoods and Debs led spectacular revolts against the abuses of capitalism. The leaders of the new age were not only politicians, lawyers, and bankers, but also owners of machine shops which burgeoned into automobile factories, other industrialists, and speculators. Any history that deals only with military and political leaders is fragmentary, for businessmen, labor leaders, rabble-rousers, editors, powerful veterans' organizations, such shady groups as the Klan and Anti-saloon League are equally important. Hoosiers' lives have been shaped not only by the Harrisons, Morton, Beveridge, and McNutt, but also by the Studebakers and Marmons, and the small-town capitalists who rule their communities like medieval barons; not only by law and school, but also by the Chamber of Commerce, Klan, American Legion, relentless advertising, good and trashy newspapers, etc.

For the most part the survey is satisfactorily objective—only in the account of labor struggles does the author's bias appear (there is far too much, proportionately, about Debs). Treated with superb fairness are the Harrisons, Robert Owen, Morton, Riley, McNutt, Fisher, Allison; in trying to be fair to such trouble-makers as D. C. Stephenson and Curt Asher, the author leans backward so far that he almost falls into a tub of the milk of human kindness. The portrait of the present governor, ambitious but undistinguished, is just slightly malicious, and is appropriate to the somewhat pessimistic end of the book. Using the gossipy, anecdotal style employed by Van Wyck Brooks, he gives added reality to his portraits.

Of the many new things this reviewer learned about his native state from reading this delightful study he cannot resist mentioning two: that Hoosiers disliked being called "Hoosiers," and that the gangster Dillinger was widely admired in Indiana.



**"Luther's Farm" by Georgina Klitgaard.**

# *Pacific Highroad*

*THE OVERLAND TRAIL. By Jay Monaghan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1947. 431 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

LET US shed our tears right here, over the grave of a book that was destined not to be. Alas, an idea that promised so much, thus to be done to its death. In "The Overland Trail" Jay Monaghan reserved to himself the most promising of all the books that can appear in the American Trails Series; the north-central route to the Pacific was the most celebrated of all the American highroads, and more work has been done on various of its phases than any other of the trails in the American saga. We had reason to look for an exciting book. But Mr. Monaghan has contented himself with a factory-made production, and thereby all of us are the losers.

What, precisely, Mr. Monaghan aimed at in this book is not clear. He has used the term "Overland Trail" as a kind of generic term for the trans-Plains trails which converged upon the Wyoming passes over the continental divide and fanned out again to various termini in the intermontane country or the Pacific coast, in their collective identity best known as the Oregon Trail. With so many trails, Mr. Monaghan says he found it possible only to sketch the general development of the Overland Trail, and he adds that, especially in the Western areas, "many of the important cutoffs have been left for adequate description in later volumes" of the series he is editing.

Is his book, then, a general introduction to volumes more limited in their scope? If so, it is not very well proportioned, though it might serve logically as an introduction to another volume by Mr. Monaghan on the same trail, sequential in time. He has devoted 360 pages to bringing the story down to 1849, and the rest of the history of his trail he dismisses in a scant fifty-three pages.

If Mr. Monaghan's conception of the American Trails Series envisions later volumes to deal more closely with the trails west of South Pass, say, or west of Fort Hall, he could have spared us a retelling of the Donner story, which offers neither fresh interpretations nor new research; and there are other disproportions in his effort to sketch the history of his trail through the story of certain representative personalities who traveled it.

And it must be said, in addition, that, as a general introductory volume, "The Overland Trail" is sur-



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prisingly deficient in information. To anyone with a sense of history, the Overland Trail lies on the map of America like a living thing. There was a rigorous cause-and-effect relationship in the development of many of the cutoffs; Mr. Monaghan shows himself not only unaware of many of these relationships but even uncertain about the geography of several of these trails. A great deal more should have been said about the inception of the trails to the Platte, and about the Greenwood Cutoff (which a publicist in 1849 called the Sublette Cutoff), the Hudspeth Cutoff, and the Salt Lake Road north around Great Salt Lake. All these were relatively early trails. But the trail-making endeavors of Stansbury, Bryan, Lander, and Simpson during the Fifties, work of enduring interest and importance, are not even mentioned. The Utah Expedition of 1857-58 is mentioned only in passing, yet it was not only a military enterprise of great human interest but one which left a deep impress upon the western trails it traveled. Mr. Monaghan gives us a chapter on the Union Pacific, yet he has almost nothing to say about one of the most interesting and most neglected phases of this story, the surveys by engineers Evans and Reed in 1864-66. It is sad, too, that so little is said about the matter of Indian relations along the route through the Plains, from the time of the Grattan massacre on.

It also has to be said that though Mr. Monaghan has turned to good standard sources, he has not sufficiently immersed himself in his sources to be able to avoid the errors perpetuated by the standard histories, and it is surprising to find a man so well conversant with the disciplines that go into the writing of history not doing such mandatory collateral research as, for example, checking up De Smet's romantic letters with Bidwell's daily journal and the Williams and Dawson narratives.

All this is pretty rough on Mr. Monaghan. So let us also say that he has lived in the West and writes about it with a graphic remembrance of wind, sun, cold, sand, and rock. His interpolations of his own experience into the history he writes about are always interesting. Perhaps no one since Frederick Dellenbaugh has written Western history with so authentic an adaptation of personal experience to the interpretation of that history. If all his book had been up to the level of these autobiographic passages, Mr. Monaghan would have had a first-rate book.

*Dale L. Morgan is author of "The Humboldt: Highroad of the West" in the Rivers of America Series.*

# Personal History.

*The great ones of the earth do double duty: alive, they lead us, teach us, write for us; dead, they must serve as exemplars of humanity's travail and fulfillment. There is no end to the study of great men, for no detail of their lives is without significance. The intimate story of John Ruskin and his wife (reviewed below), for instance, casts more light on the man and his times than most of the standard biographies. Hundreds of studies of Jefferson have been published, including the two recent volumes by Marie Kimball ("Jefferson: The Road to Glory," and "Jefferson: War and Peace") yet Karl Lehmann's study of the reading of that many-sided genius is not superfluous because it reveals as nothing else could the quality of Jefferson's mind.*

## *A "Monster" and His Marriage*

*JOHN RUSKIN AND EFFIE GRAY. By Admiral Sir William James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 264 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IN THE year 1853 the pre-Raphaelite painter John Everett Millais began a portrait of John Ruskin, the critic who had done so much to promote the fortunes of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The portrait is reproduced in this remarkable book. The critic is shown standing above a highland stream and looking quietly down into the waters. The portrait is full of wild contradictions. The face is mild and pensive; it is also malevolent and inhuman: and one gets the distinct impression that it is gazing into the very torrent from which it has just emerged. Here is a water-demon, cold and dripping, somewhat implausibly disguised in the respectable habiliments of a mid-Victorian gentleman. It is certainly a fact that when Millais began the portrait he admired John Ruskin, and that before he finished it he thought him a monster—"such a quiet scoundrel as . . . never existed." This opinion was shared by Ruskin's wife, Effie, whom Millais subsequently married.

*G. F. Watts, R.A.*

**Effie Chalmers Gray: "He had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was."**

The story of John Ruskin and his wife, which Admiral Sir William James reconstructs from a long series of unpublished letters, is by all odds a very singular one. (So, too, is the story of the discovery of the letters, though they are indubitably authentic. Some were found among the lumber of Effie's old home; some beneath a loose floor board in John Ruskin's study). Sir William is a grandson of Effie, through her marriage with Millais, and his object in publishing this collection is to clear her reputation, which has been much blown upon by the calculated discretion of Ruskin's official biographers —W. G. Collingwood and E. T. Cook—and by the rumors which were circulated in London by Ruskin's friends.

What we learn from the letters is this. Ruskin courted the beautiful Euphemia Chalmers Gray against the wishes of his parents and because he was madly in love with her. (It was said that she was foisted upon him against his will.) She was certainly in love with him. (It was said that her behavior towards him was always cold and heartless.) On his wedding night he suddenly announced that he did not propose to be a husband to her—partly because he had an aversion to children, partly because he did not wish to spoil her beauty, and partly because there were passages in the Scriptures which seemed to proscribe sexual intercourse. Effie was silent for a few days. Then she in turn took up the Bible and was able to find texts which, even to her innocent mind, seemed to point to entirely opposite conclusions. It was all in vain.



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Even then, as she wrote to her father years afterwards, she "might have lived and died in my maiden state," if only John Ruskin had been kind.

But behind John Ruskin loomed the figures of his parents who, from his birth, had treated him with a malignant possessiveness. His acute sensibilities had been alternately flogged and fondled by this extraordinary pair, until at last he became incapable of any emotional life which he could not share with them. In the hands of such a trio, Effie had no chance at all. When they found that she had a will of her own, they tried to break it. They neglected her, they said that she was mad or bad, they tried to throw her into the arms of other men. The letters are shot through with a sort of Grand Guignol horror, which the comments of Sir William do nothing to abate. (Effie, in the first years, was, of course, not always unhappy. She was a lighthearted girl, and a born quiz; and her descriptions of London society are copious and charming.) In the end, in 1854, after nearly seven years of unnatural relationship, Effie left Ruskin, and obtained an annulment of their marriage in the Commissary Court of the Archdeacon of Surrey. Another year passed before she would allow Millais to visit her. (This effectually dispels the persistent falsehood that she eloped with him.)

Sir William James has certainly vindicated the reputation of his charming grandmother; but he has done a good deal more. In one of Ruskin's last discussions with Effie, as we learn from these letters, he told her that "he had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was, and that . . . he was disgusted with my person the first evening." The neurosis here displayed can be discerned in Ruskin's theories of art, in those florid moralizings which were once so popular and which can now hardly be read; but it is also, and more clearly, visible in the social and economic writings which are still justly admired. Gladstone, so John Morley tells us, was bewildered by Ruskin's talk, "so full of absolutism and Christian socialism"; and attributed his bewilderment to the fact that Ruskin was under the influence of Carlyle. This was true, but it was not all the truth. Ruskin's noblest diatribes against the myths of classical economy and the methods of industrialism were partly inspired by a deep-seated, an inadmissible sense of disgust for human beings. He saw mankind as something infinitely degraded; and since laissez-faire economy was the most obvious engine of this degradation, it was upon laissez-faire economy that he expended most of his wrath. Thus the young man who told his beautiful wife that "he had imagined women to be quite different to what he saw I was" reappeared at length as the social reformer who longed to bring mankind back to the imaginary state of grace from which he believed it to have fallen. The sexual neurosis with which he tormented Effie Gray was sublimated in the social writings; and Effie was no more than a casualty along the road which led to "Unto This Last, a Crown of Wild Olives," and the rest.

—*Sir J. E. Millais, Bt., P.R.A.*

**John Ruskin "somewhat implausibly disguised in the respectable habiliments of a mid-Victorian gentleman."**

Sir William's collection of letters throws a new light into the obscurity which still surrounds and interpenetrates the relationship between the Victorian idea of sex and the Victorian idea of society. If for this reason only (and there are others) it is both a fascinating and an important book.

## *Immortal Federalist*

*THOMAS JEFFERSON, AMERICAN HUMANIST. By Karl Lehmann. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1947. 273 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by LYMAN N. BUTTERFIELD

PROFESSOR LEHMANN'S book is nominally a study of Jefferson's knowledge of the classics and his inspiration from them. But it is much wider in its implications, for it reveals at work the mind of our greatest scholar in politics. It is a searching and copiously illustrated exposition of Jefferson's mental habits: his "canine appetite" for reading, the shaping of his thought under the influence of his favorite class of books, the classics—knowledge of which he once said with perfect sincerity he valued more highly than his estate—, and the practical and creative use to which he put the knowledge he acquired from his lifelong "conversation with the ancients." Taken altogether, this is one of the most illuminating of the numberless commen-

# *Your Literary I.Q.*

By Howard Collins

CUSSWORDS IN FICTION

The characters in this week's quiz are memorable for their profanity. How many of them do you recall? Allowing five points for each one you can identify and another five if you can name either the story in which they appeared or the author who created them, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. This profane old ex-whaler used the words "Christ Damn" as an adjective in nearly every sentence he uttered.
2. Whenever annoyed by bad coffee, the household bills, or similar disturbances, this dictatorial husband would exclaim, "Oh, GOD!"
3. If any of the benefactors of this man's generosity mentioned it, he would grow very angry and swear that he would be "Gormed" if it were referred to again.
4. This noble captain never, never (or at least hardly ever) used a great big D.
5. Presented with the builders' bids for the construction of his "dream house," this harassed character yelped, "Jesus H. Mahogany Christ!"
6. In enthusiastic moments this politician was fond of exclaiming, "Roarin' thunderbolts!"
7. Whenever irritated to the extreme, this Southern gentleman would shout, "God's *nightgown!*"
8. The favorite cussword of this elderly Philadelphian was "Jesusgod!"
9. Distracted by business worries and the behavior of his teen-age daughter, this man wouldn't exactly swear but would yap, "Job jam the helm!" or "Dob dab!"
10. Substituting the word "word" for the cusswords actually used, this little girl reported the outburst of an irate parent as follows: "I'll be word if I stand it! Word! Word! *Word!* WORD!"



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taries that have been written on the many-sided Jefferson. It might have been supposed that Mr. Lehmann, German-born and trained, would have labored under both linguistic and political difficulties in dealing with his subject. But the contrary is true. He writes with clarity and force; he has laid under contribution all the major printed sources as well as many of the little-used ones; and his foreign background has actually proved an advantage. The Jefferson he has portrayed as "one of the greatest humanists of all time" stands forth as a potent force in the evolution not only of American but of world culture.

Statements like this sound arid, but this book is not. It deals, first, with Jefferson's own studies, from his early reading and "commonplacing" of the ancient historians and poets, to his mature exploration of the entire range of classical letters, science, and art, so far as he could cover it by means of books and travel. The central chapters provide a brilliant analysis of the empirical cast of Jefferson's mind, formed in considerable part by his long and close communion with the classical historians and scientists. One of the most absurd errors of the Federalists was their supposing Jefferson a mere doctrinaire, an impractical theorist. A hundred episodes in his career and thousands of his surviving papers refute it. His pursuit of concrete data was tireless. How he loved to estimate the number of bricks needed for a building, to detail the exact process of making Parmesan cheese (he watched all day in a dairy in Italy to learn how), or to set down the variants of a single word in a score of Indian vocabularies!

Experience, extended by critical reading, likewise underlay his principles in politics and ethics. The Declaration of Independence, he pointed out, announced no novel and visionary ideals but, according to his reading of history and observation of man, attainable ones—in some parts of the world sooner, in others later, but finally in all. Among ethical codes he held that the precepts of Jesus constituted much the best; and his antipathy to Plato was largely motivated by the influence of the Platonists, who had "corrupted" Jesus's simple teachings into a metaphysics so refined for the common man's understanding.

Woodrow Wilson said that Jefferson's immortality "does not lie in any one of his achievements, but in his attitude toward mankind." Mr. Lehmann's book goes far toward explaining the sources and nature of that attitude.

**Ideas.** *When Thomas H. Huxley wrote, "Of moral purpose I see no trace in nature," he was, like all good Victorian evolutionists, attempting to break the chains of orthodox theology in which science then found itself bound. His grandson, Julian Huxley, now gently reunites morals with nature by making morals an aspect of evolutionary growth. The old war between science and ethical living is beginning to look ridiculous today. . . . Thomas Huxley, incidentally, with all his brilliance had no formal schooling. For a discussion of our failure to provide an adequate education for brilliant students, see Harold Rugg's "Foundations for American Education," reviewed below.*

# *Are the Three R's Good Enough?*

*FOUNDATIONS FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Harold Rugg. New York: World Book Co.* 1947. 826 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

DO PARENTS and citizens generally have any considered idea as to what should be taught and learned in "education"? Do they distinguish formal and informal learning? Do they approach the financial support of organized education with any even approximate standards which will tell them when a good job is being done? Or do those of us in the drivers' seat know that the three R's, having been good enough for us, are good enough for our children?

I venture that for far too many the answer to my first three questions is, no; and to my final question, yes.

Nor can the reading of books, even splendid, stirring, inclusive, synthesizing books like the one being reviewed, quickly change our minds and institute the profoundly needed alterations. If books could do the necessary, this one of Harold Rugg's would carry us far along the road to contemporary clarification, vision of a cultural unity underlying its pluralism, awareness of the subject matter and the controlled experiences through which sound learnings for our times might come. Yet the role of the book is still crucial — even if the timing of its influence requires patience.

And I prophesy that the influence of these wisely viewed and clearly ordered "fundamentals" will be as powerful and permanent as was Dewey's "Democracy and Education" of forty years ago. For Rugg stands upon the shoulders of the earlier wise and is trying valiantly to bring some coherence, direction, and comparative value out of the various "schools," philosophies, and movements in the recent educational past. His aim, too simply expressed, is to begin upon the Great Consensus after the Great Confusion, which is today.

He thus shares the burden and the promise of an intellectual and spiritual ferment which has taken increasingly definite form in the second quarter of this century. In popular idiom, H. G. Wells talked to this effect in "The Open Conspiracy" (1928). In highly technical language, F.S.C. Northrup in "The Meeting of East and West" has been examining the same problem. Alfred North Whitehead comes at identical issues in almost every contribution, as his recently collected papers, "Essays in Science and Philosophy," remind us. Edwards and Richey in "The School in the American Social Order" have just provided us with a parallel study which is really the sociological supplement to Rugg's philosophical and psychological presentation. And finally, an effort not as yet in book form but appearing in a unique quarterly periodical, *Main Currents in Modern Thought,* edited by F. L. Kunz, supplies significant supporting testimony for the need to which Rugg is here addressing himself, namely to see education in terms of all that is now known of the nature of man, of the physical world, and of society.

I content myself with one summarizing excerpt to suggest, though inadequately, what this book is talk-

(*Continued on page* 26)



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**Fiction.** *A translation of a French novel from North Africa, James Reynolds's tales of the ghosts that haunt Irish houses, and Gore Vidal's novel centered on society's behavior toward the homosexual make up our fictional fare for this week. The wretched homosexual in "The City and the Pillar" is a kind of ghost, too, flitting through the mists and taboos we have surrounded him with, afraid that his true nature will be recognized in the light of day. In another way the son of the Berber chieftain in "The Temptations of Mourad" is a ghostly figure, for he belongs neither to his ancestors nor to the Western civilization that France has installed in North Africa. The world seems to be full of disenfranchised wraiths: one reason perhaps for the astonishing rise of fantasy in so much of the literature that is current today.*

# *Precarious Status*

*THE CITY AND THE PILLAR. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1948. 314 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

PERHAPS little more than a decade ago a novel dealing as frankly with male homosexuality as Gore Vidal's "The City and the Pillar" would have been labeled "freakish." It would not have had much encouragement from the general press and even less from the average American reader. Relegated to the shelf with Krafft-Ebbing, Dr. Marie Stopes, and Havelock Ellis, it would have had about the same clandestine popularity among the "curious and the curiouser" as those perennial sellers, Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness," Blair Niles's "Strange Brother," and that mysterious "Diana" whose very anonymity seems to guarantee its continued demand in the bookshops.

Today, however, novels about sexual aberrations have become fairly common. In the past year at least half a dozen novelists in this country dealt extensively with specific aspects of homosexuality. Another half dozen writers devoted either a chapter to homosexuals, or included one or more persons whose mannerisms and abnormal behavior were purposely accentuated for the effect of contrast, ridicule, or both. For the fact remains that despite the growing number of novels dwelling on abnormal sexual life, not all of them have been sympathetic in their treatments. Several of these novelists pandered to the sensational and the bizarre. Some failed altogether to bring to their work the "cool attention, courageous judgment, and scientific equanimity," for example, with which Dr. Alan Gregg, medical chief of the Rockefeller Foundation, now urges that the American public receive the startling findings of the coming Kinsey report on "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Recent best sellers like "The Fall of Valor" and "The Sling and the Arrow" threw little or no light on their clinical themes. Riddled with the age-old prejudices, taboos, and false concepts that have been venerated as the truth for centuries, such books as these almost suggest that we do not live in an age of enlightenment.

Fortunately, there are an increasing number of us who know that this is not so. And with the help of the astounding revelations in the first report of the Kinsey group, a great many more people are soon going to be forcefully enlightened on the variety and changes in the American sex patterns and, furthermore, the necessity for greater public and private tolerance of the vast differences in the sex habits of Americans. At the moment that the Kinsey survey, backed by the most authoritative scientific agencies in the country, is on the verge of blasting the traditional concepts of what is normal and abnormal, natural and unnatural in sex behavior today, Mr. Vidal, with only his own brave convictions and a vigorous pen to guide him, launches his own somewhat lighter-scaled but no less effective campaign against those same myths and delusions embedded in our present-day legal and moral codes. It should, from every indication, prove to be a happy juxtaposition for both publications.

No matter how we look at it, this seems to be the propitious time for an intelligent, well-balanced revaluation of our present legal codes on sexual behavior, normal or otherwise. Certain to arouse heated controversy in the months to come are such observations in the Kinsey report as the following: "One out of every three American males has had some adolescent homosexual experience."

Gore Vidal might have chosen these statistics as the basis for his story of Jim Willard. Unlike the usual characterization of the male homosexual in current novels, Jim Willard is drawn, with deliberate strokes, to appear the opposite of abnormal. Sympathetic as Mr. Vidal is to homosexuals and their precarious status in society, he has Jim express distaste for those more flamboyant groups marked by their mincing gait, loose-jointed wrists, and blatantly feminine voices. Jim Willard is sharply contrasted against these more obvious homosexual types by his outward virility, clean-cut features, and fine physique. Nor is Jim Willard an introspective or very sensitive young man. At first it would appear that the author purposely has chosen a most unrepresentative homosexual for his protagonist. But closer scrutiny will reveal that Gore Vidal is writing about the Jim Willards in every community. In the light of the findings of the Kinsey report ("Many sex acts condemned as immoral and illegal in our law books are so commonly practised as to make criminals of the vast majority of the American population") Mr. Vidal is to be commended for his realism and honesty.

The Jim Willard in Vidal's novel grows up in a small Virginia town. Already in high school Jim's lithe, tanned, athletic frame and winning personality attract the girls, but he is shy of them. Bob, his boyhood friend, popular with the girls and

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 238**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 238 will be found in the next issue.*

LXUWGF PJWHI MG DWJN

CWSS—MF'G FLW PEFFWJ

FLHF THRWG FLW

FWTYFHFMXU.—IXEASHG

QWJJXSI.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 237*

Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves, will, in general, become of no more value than their dress.
W. HAZLITT.



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not shy, is the only one with whom Jim feels at ease. Quite innocently their adolescent emotions get the better of these two on a camping trip and they submit to what Bob guiltily but realistically calls "awful kid stuff." From this point on we follow the devious wanderings of Jim, who shares no sense of guilt with Bob but never wholly reconciles himself to being a member of the homosexual society. Jim goes to sea, becomes a tennis coach, later owns tennis courts of his own. Gradually he moves deeper and deeper into the maze of the homosexual world. He learns to be tolerant, and eventually masters his ambivalence in homosexuals' company to the extent of finding companionship and affection among the less conspicuous members of that secret fraternity. Living with Ronald Shaw, the fabulous Hollywood film star, gives Jim a glimpse of the glittering but empty world of fashion and celebrities. Traveling with Sullivan, the embittered writer, introduces him to the complexities of a frustrated talent, the involved motives and conflicts of the artistic temperament. Both friendships enable Jim to see that the fraternity is by no means a secretive one. Its restlessly searching brothers can be found everywhere—at smart hotels, low waterfront dives, literary cocktail parties, or bars along the avenue, in any city or small town. When Jim is accused by his friend Sullivan of being frightened of women, he is duly taken aback. It is then we fully understand how irrevocably Jim is enmeshed in the coils of tragedy, for he has never honestly faced up to reality. Jim after all these years of separation from Bob is still blindly clinging to the memory of that first adolescent experience by the brown river near home. We do not have to guess at the tragic ending which awaits Jim, rushing headlong toward "Bob and the legend" on that brown river of the past.

Gore Vidal has written his problem novel in a singularly flat, naturalistic style. It has already been pointed out that Mr. Vidal is gifted with that deadly competence typical of those very young writers who come up with three or four novels to their credit before they reach twenty-five. This is not entirely fair criticism. Vidal's novels are extremely readable. They are the product of a facility for what we call slick writing as opposed to the more distinctive style of a craftsman mainly interested in his craft. But since he chooses to sacrifice, as he has done here, any possibility of his novel being hailed as a distinguished literary work in order to put over his message, perhaps it would be wiser to judge Mr. Vidal's novel mostly on its merits as a social tract. On this score Vidal is quite successful; but, here again, if we did not sense that there was a crusading spirit behind some of the challenging arguments put forth in the book, Mr. Vidal's blunt, dispassionate writing might easily send us off convinced that the Jim Willards can never expect anything of our times but hostility, or, at best, a tragic outcome to any attempt on their own part to solve their dilemma. And this is hardly the conclusion we believe the author intended to leave with us; not, certainly, in an age when we are taught that we can never be hurt by truths which help us to understand ourselves as well as our fellow men.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 719)

THE OLD TESTAMENT:
*DEUTERONOMY*

For this commandment which I command this day is not hidden from thee. It is not in heaven that thou shouldst say, Who shall bring it unto us. Nor is it beyond the sea. But the word is in thy mouth and in thy heart that thou mayst do it.

# *Shades of Eight Centuries*

*GHOSTS IN IRISH HOUSES. By James Reynolds. New York: Creative Age Press.* 1947. 283 *pp.* $12.

Reviewed by
OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

GIVE me a country's ghosts and I will tell you its history. The history James Reynolds writes is the history of a hidden Ireland which is not to be found in the school books, not even now that a native government has taken over the country. The Irishman is not, for all his long memory, an historically-minded person. He has what the poet Yeats called an "unremembering heart and head" when it comes to preserving places made famous in story and places that made Ireland famous in story. There hovers over each and all of them some legend that retains the names and adventures of otherwise forgotten women and men. These are ghosts now, ghosts who walk and revisit the glimpses of the moon.

*—From the book.*

Of such men and women James Reynolds has made his book and by so doing presented an Ireland unknown, an Ireland studded with castles and stately with Georgian houses whose classic or Palladian façades are not as yet wholly dilapidated. In fact, just lately, because of the transposition of the populations of the neighboring islands, they are being restored to more than their former glory. How few who think of Ireland as a land from which starving people fled for shelter to America know that the men who built Dublin, with its broad streets (one wider than any in Europe before Napoleon built Parisian boulevards) and its stately squares, maintained colonies of Italian craftsmen to decorate their mansions and carry out in their decorations classical myths. Dedicating one house to Hercules, another to Venus, and so on?

Ghosts from the twelfth to the twentieth century haunt this book; ghosts that came with exiles back from France or were embodied when some survivor swam ashore from the Armada of kingly Spain.

There could not have been a happier historian of Ireland's ghostly past than the author. He is a painter of remarkable and romantic vision who has set down in nine full-page plates and four colored paintings and numerous drawings an eerie and majestic illustration of castled mountain and lonely keep. In his drawings there is a strangeness as if the figures he presents were seen more as ghosts than men, and this applies to the scenery which is raised above earth and colored as if beheld in the sunlight of a dream. James Reynolds has traveled all over the world, and as he traveled collected tales and legends of haunted house or grove. He visited the few courts left on the borders of Russian "Republics" where an absolute princeling rules and hunts with eagles from his Arab horse. Of



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all the many lands he has known, Ireland, he maintains, holds the greatest number of ghosts. Italy comes next but its ghosts are religious—visions rather than ghosts. Such apparitions answer the question, "Are ghost stories true?"

There is good writing in this book. Mr. Reynolds knows well how to give you a glimpse of the Irish skyscape with its clouds scudding over a washed-out sky, and windy wrack here and there clinging to tower and tree as if the souls, driven forever onward in the rushing atmosphere of the spinning earth, were attempting to cling for a space to haunts that were dear to them in life.

Some of his stories repel me. I do not like to linger long on the story of great suffering or great wrongs. But Mr. Reynolds writes like a poet and sees with a painter's eye. His book is produced sumptuously and is worthy of the writing it contains.

*Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish poet, novelist, and essayist, is the author of "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street" and "Tumbling in the Hay."*

## *Kasbah Dilemma*

*THE TEMPTATIONS OF MOURAD. By Lucienne Favre. Translated from the French by Willard R. Trask. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 314 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

THE TEMPTATIONS of Mourad seem to have fallen into two general categories: those offered at the house of Baya—a renowned establishment of the Kasbah—and the lure of shedding his Moslem heritage in favor of "Christian" manners and customs, as introduced by the French North African colonizers. Mourad, the son of a Berber village chieftain, took full advantage of both offerings, succumbed entirely to the first and gave lip service to the second. Lucienne Favre, a Frenchwoman who spent twenty years of her life in North Africa, tells Mourad's story with sympathy and understanding, and makes clear some of the problems inherent in the superimposition of a Westernized cultural framework upon centuries-old Moslem traditions.

At the same time she has written a sort of informal guidebook to Algiers, telling something of the political background and the French administration of the city during the period between the two world wars. The point-of-view throughout is that of Mourad, who looks out upon his exotic world through wise, clear eyes and who manages to regard the rather inept ways of the conquerors and colonizers with a certain tolerance. It is made clear, however, that Mourad was exceptional in this respect. The native population, if they tolerated at all, did so through necessity and not through understanding. Many invasions had broken some of their proud and warlike spirit, and their energies were absorbed in eking out poor livings on farms and in villages. They accepted the presence of the French, but clung almost fanatically to their own traditions and moralities.

Mourad spent his early years in a Kabyle village in the Algerian uplands, where he learned from his father, Brahim ben Ahmed Shelif, of the wise precepts and the high deeds of his race. But already the French colonists' first automobiles were beginning to buzz along the roads which circled the mountain region, and a haphazard French educational system had begun to attract some of the more curious of the natives. Mourad was bright and perceptive, took easily to studies, and was prepared by M. Stievenart, the district schoolmaster, for attendance at the normal school in Algiers. He received a degree and a livelihood as a teacher of native children in the Kasbah.

But while he gave his days to earnest instruction of the young his nights were spent in voluptuousness, until it became plain, having reached his early twenties, that it was high time for him to breed the descendants expected of him. An unpleasant first wife was murdered off by a friend of his, who loved Mourad and wished to do him a favor, and the second wife proved to be a model of patience and sweetness, who gave him the fidelity and the children he desired. But throughout the forty-five years of his life covered by the narrative there ran a plaintive longing for a sweetheart of his early years, Zina, who had the mental qualities he desired but for whom an all-important physical desire was missing. His large regret, in later years, was that he had not the foresight or the riches to provide for the having of three wives, who would have given him all of the qualities he would have liked.

The attempt to tell of the important events of a man's life over a period of so many years, bringing in at the same time so much of the detail of the environment, has greatly weakened the possible emotional impact of the novel. It is all seen through a haze of time, and the chronological arrangement of incidents hardly helps matters. Madame Favre, who has achieved something of a success in Europe with this book and with others, could learn something more of the craft of the novel, but the nature of the informational asides are such that they are always interesting, even if they do detract from the fictional quality of her work. She writes with lucidity and with temperate understanding, and has managed to conquer most of the temptations that so colorful a setting as the Kasbah (which she seems to know intimately) provides. Willard R. Trask has done an admirable translation, and has had the foresight to include a helpful glossary of Arabic and Berber terminology.

# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE WHIP<br>*Sara Elizabeth Mason*<br>(Morrow: $2.50) | Young Midwestern girl confesses aunt's poisoning and goes to jail. Doubting psychiatrist has her retell life story—and picture changes. | One case where flashback method of narration doesn't retard action. Nasty relatives balanced by beleaguered heroine and believable brain-prober. | Interesting |
| OUTRUN THE CONSTABLE<br>*Selwyn Jepson*<br>(Doubleday: $2.75) | Beauteous and philandering London wife slays unloved spouse. "Nice guy" lover shields her and takes much on chin. Country lass saves day. | Rather long-winded, but well-supplied with eventful situations, pleasant—and reverse—people, including shadowy sleuth Mr. Ordinary Smith. | Passable |
| MAKE MY BED SOON<br>*John Stephen Strange*<br>(Crime Club: $2) | Poisonings in placid Bucks Co. surroundings traced to tragic source by writer-'tec Barney Gantt, his columnist wife, and assorted cops. | Atmosphere, plot, action, and suspense highly commendable. Characters agreeable, and generally true to life. Writing seems inept in spots. | Worth while |



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**Poetry.** *We should like to sound off this week on a matter having nothing to do with the books under review. Have you been irritated, as we have been, with the increasing bastardization by advertising copywriters of the poetic form for their sales messages? This is a purely mechanical device, having no relation to the requirements of cadence or parsing, with the most bromidic sales arguments set up in poetic form. So far as we can make out, it started with the perfume ads, quickly spilled over to fashions, and has now become so universalized that it apparently makes little difference whether the advertisement is for soft drinks, refrigerators, or financial statements—your copywriter insists on enshrining his words in staggered lines with opening capital letters. Would anyone care to join us in starting a Society for the Prevention of . . . etc., etc.?*

# *Right and Wrong Tracks*

*CRY CADENCE. By Howard Griffin. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co.* 1947. 79 *pp.* $2.75.

*THE DIVER. By E. L. Mayo. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.* 1947. 66 *pp.* $1.75.

*THE BEAUTIFUL CHANGES AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Wilbur. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1947. 55 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

MR. GRIFFIN'S book raises an interesting question about modern poetry. Here is a writer, thoughtful, sensitive, observant, who responds interestingly to the life around him and who writes up these responses very capably. But there seems to be no particular reason why they should be written up as poems. As in so much modern verse, one appreciates the ideas and perceptions of the writer but can find little or no poetic compulsion behind the writing. A poem such as "The Cenacolo" is an able description of a painting, and an account of the thoughts aroused in the author by the painting, and it would make an excellent brief prose essay. One has the feeling that it is only the decline of the deftly written essay as a literary form which sends a man with Mr. Griffin's kind of sensibility to poetry. It does not help to describe the deck of a troop ship as "husky with men who whored with Space and Sky," for the unexpected verb there adds no real force to the total conception—it is simply a sort of obeisance to the idea of poetic diction. Mr. Griffin's poems are far too full of such obeisances. Many of the poems do get across what the author wishes to communicate, though they often sound like notes for an essay, or are effective without being effective as poetry. "Cry Cadence" is thus an interesting volume, but it is difficult to see why the insights recorded in it are put forward as poems. The compulsion to find a poetic form derives from something more than intelligence and perceptiveness.

Mr. Mayo's poems are very different; for they pretend to be simple prose-like utterances, whereas in fact the best of them contain an echoing poetic meaning which begins to release itself a split second after we have read the words. There is an assumed lightness of touch here, a note not quite of irony but almost of timidity, behind which the richer meanings can be heard—not always, but often enough to convince the reader that the author has started with the kind of insight which demands poetic expression rather than just with some thoughtful observation to record. He understands what form does to an idea, and is not afraid to write something which is in itself trivial but in its poetic context is not. Sometimes he is little more than "neat," as in the almost epigrammatic little poem "The Mole." But there is more than neatness in such an opening as "To pass the thirtieth year is but to be / Other than one expected." Some of these poems are topical, some trivial, some merely neat. But of the best of them ("The Dance of the Feather," for example) it can be said that these are modest poems, minor poems, but they are poems.

Richard Wilbur is clearly the most exciting poet of the three, though many of his poems sound still experimental and much of his work is less finished. He has already perfected a less complex kind of poetry than he is apparently capable of: a poem like "Tywater" is complete and perfect of its kind—more finished but less complex than "Walter Walker," which is a potentially finer poem. "Mined Country" is something neither Mr. Griffin nor Mr. Mayo could do: it is a carefully patterned poem in which the poet has felt himself into the total meaning of a situation which begins by being simple and ends by becoming a sustained and comprehensive metaphor. This is the real poetic method, and, though there is a certain raggedness in much of this volume, Mr. Wilbur is on the right track and is working his way towards impressive poetry.

## *Poetic Paradox*

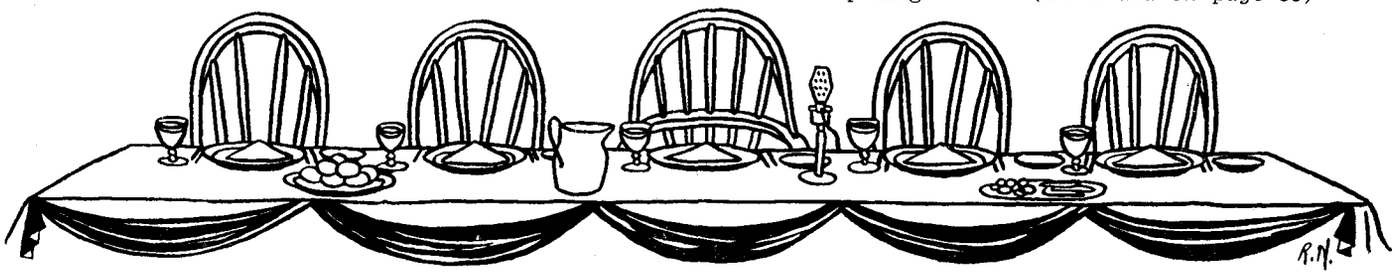
*FORBID THY RAVENS. By Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1947. 50 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLEMING MACLIESH

THE POEMS in this volume suffer more from a general failure to achieve than from any outright faults or obvious lapses. Mr. Humphries displays sensitivity and restraint; he has a good ear and the ability of a talented craftsman to manage meter and rhyme without being managed by them. He possesses the taste and discipline to avoid on the whole both the obviously sentimental and the grandiloquent, and he is not compelled to favor inadequacy with buckled lines, impenetrable allusions and fantastically contorted images, elaborately to display a bushel in the hope that everybody will suppose there is a light under it.

If these virtues make for polish, urbanity, and verse which, on the

(*Continued on page* 33)



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# *Wanted: Men to Make Catastrophes*

FOR a demonstration of supercharged tempers set off by hair-trigger action, observe two New York City taxicab drivers whose cars are locked together with dented fenders as the result of a mutually lost race for an opening in heavy traffic. Observe how the insistent, violent honking of the other cars piled up in the snarl is all but blotted out as the human sound machine takes over. Observe not only the depth and carrying power of the decibels but the range and virtuosity of the language itself. Then observe how the chin-to-chin communication system is replaced by the more direct toe-to-toe method in which the participants soon become virtually indistinguishable not only from each other but from their rumpled fenders.

To observe this is to observe an event repeated so many times each day in New York as to become almost as symbolic of the town itself as Radio City, Grover Whalen's waxed mustache, or a news photo of the mayor arriving at the scene of a four-alarm fire at five in the morning to take personal charge.

But there was a brief moratorium on taxi tempers in New York last week. Peace drifted down from the heavens as though by divine dispensation. It was the day of the heavy snow—a snow so persistent that even the few surviving veterans of the "I-Remember-the-Blizzard-of-'88" Club were forced to disband in despair after almost sixty years of ceaseless and superior snickering at intervening snowstorms.

It was shortly before noon, and the town had not yet begun to close down. The streets were clogging rapidly and visibility was so poor you couldn't see a zebra at ten paces. Some of the cabs were still operating and I had been lucky enough to flag one down. As we branched off from Times Square, another cab turning into the same street but coming from an opposite direction hit us squarely port and aft. Both cars spun around like overwound toys and came to a stop with their rear wheels embedded in snow piles.

I got out cautiously and braced myself for the inevitable clash of sovereign egos. But none came. Instead, there was only the most touching mutual solicitude.

"Sorry, Mac," said the driver of the other cab with genuine concern. "My fault. Couldn't see nothin'."

"Couldn't see nothin' neither," my driver said self-consciously, as he inspected first a badly dented rear mudguard and then the position of the wheels in the snow pile. "Ain't this the damndest snow? Oughta have my head examined for being out today. Shoulda stood in the garage but the boss said try it for a coupla hours but don't take any calls to Brooklyn."

"Yeah. Gonna pull in myself soon's I get ridda this call. Hope I didn't bang you up too much."

"Nah. I'd just like to see the boss try'n dock me for this one. I warned him this morning I wasn't gonna be responsible for no damage."

As the passenger of the other cab and I stared in disbelief and wonder, the driver of my cab went to his trunk, took out a shovel and a couple of old burlap bags, and went over to help the other driver get his car free of the drift. He grunted and wheezed as he shoveled and shoved while the other driver, behind the wheel, synchronized his acceleration with the rhythm of rocking motion from behind. The chains finally found the friction they needed and set up a mighty whirring sound as the car shook itself free and moved forward.

After both cabs were in the clear, the drivers stood together in the cold chatting amiably, one having provided cigarettes, the other a light from his cupped hands. Their faces were wet and red, and the snow, by this time, had laid down a thick, hard crusting over their caps and coats. The men were talking shop—whether to turn up for work the next day, how deeply the storm would cut into their earnings, how many people offered a $5 bonus to be taken over the bridge to Brooklyn. As they turned around and walked to their cabs, the other driver called out: "S'long, Mac. See you again sometime. Look me up at Parmelee if you ever wanna switch. Name's Callahan. Just ask for Stumpy Callahan." My driver said, "Sure, Stumpy, sure. May take you up on it. I'm Irv Moscowitz. Metro Cab. G'bye."

THAT evening, people who lived in apartments next to each other for years but who hadn't exchanged a word during all that time were swapping not only butter and eggs and sandwiches but accounts of their terrifying and soul-shattering experiences during the day. In hotel lobbies throughout Manhattan, marooned commuters from Flatbush, Brooklyn, and Greenwich, Conn., who usually see each other only in newspaper caricatures, slept snugly if not cozily next to each other in hotel chairs and sofas. In the suburbs, all the ingredients that go towards making up the most rigid caste-system-within-a-caste-system on earth—one car vs. two cars vs. three cars; public school vs. private school; Cornell vs. Dartmouth vs. Princeton vs. Yale vs. Harvard, etc.; one house servant vs. two house servants vs. three house servants, etc.; one guest room vs. two guest rooms vs. three guest rooms, etc.; first-generation wealth vs. second-generation wealth vs. third gen-

(*Continued on page* 30)

# *Legacy*

By Sjanna Solum

NEW ENGLANDERS have patience. They inherit
Persistent patience with their land and climate,
Nor think to label it a special merit—
Since it exists without a need to prime it.
They keep it handy, so that they may claim it
Upon short notice: use it as a weapon
Against assaulting time. They often aim it
At something they would far prefer to step on.
They can out-wait the winter and the weather,
And greet spring with sardonic satisfaction;
At times they even out-wait one another—
At least by some minute, triumphant fraction.
Their patience can be tried, but never broken:
It is their legacy, their good-luck token!



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Writing and Writing

SIR: I suppose it would be useless to try to console Author X of "Tripe, Inc." [*SRL* Nov. 22] by pointing out that there have been writers who were able to turn out both popular magazine fiction and Big, Important Stuff.

This fellow's whole difficulty, as I see it, is that he imagines that magazine fiction is in some way literature because it is written and printed, and that therefore it should have literary standards applied to it. It would be equally absurd to judge a radio serial as drama because it employs the dramatic form. Both the serial and the story on its somewhat higher level are *entertainment* which is quite a different thing.

So if our friend will drop that corny I-am-debasing-my-art routine, and will try to regard himself as an entertainer (and he says he's a good one), he will find that he has joined some pretty high-powered company. These days good entertainment is a valuable commodity.

ROSEMARY DYER.

Ridgewood, N. J.

SIR: My answer to "Tripe, Inc." is more similar articles. The public must be educated to implant good taste in the young. There are some decent unselfish people in the world—writers and non-professionals. Let them keep on trying to educate. The anonymous author should be satisfied with a modicum of comfort and write the books that are perhaps latent in him.

HORTENSE M. BRYLAWSKI.

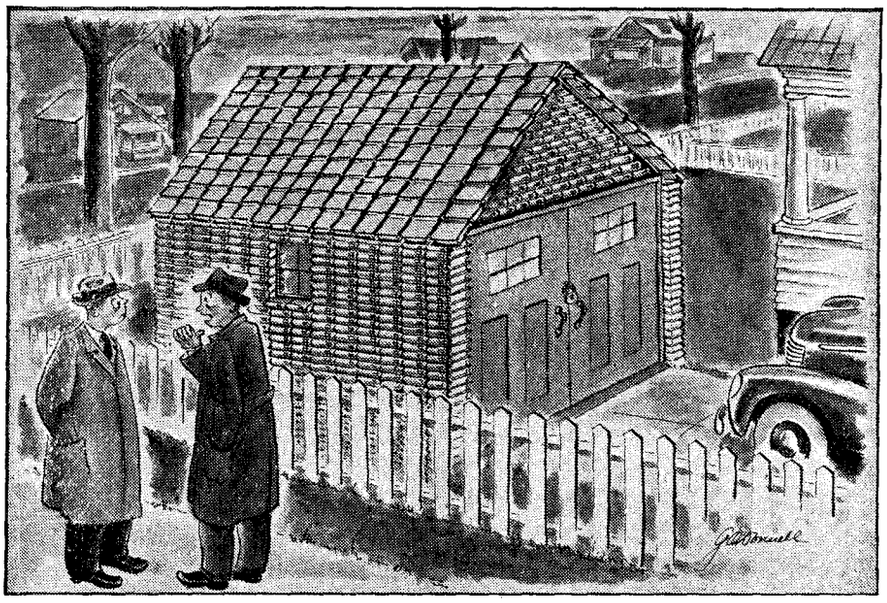
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Mr. Anonymous must first learn to disassociate writing from "writing." Contributing to pulps is nothing more than piece-work, that may precede but does not presuppose the creative art. Yet the man so reduced to the compromise between work and creation can take comfort from the success of his many worthy predecessors: William Blake, Franz Kafka, Frederick Engels, etc. He will find notable company that devoted much life to dark hours to make possible their light hours.

He can go a step further. He can write creatively about how damn hard it is to write creatively! He can give up his job of contributing to pulps, and live a marginal existence, and he'll find plenty of company there! Now that he is free, starving, and uncorrupted, he may conclude (with Kenneth Patchen) that "for the last thirty years, there hasn't been any excuse for the writing of novels"; that "the bad thing is that all the forms are worn-out and flabby." And now that he has no grand workmanship to fashion he can write about himself. Then he is free to conclude (with Henry Miller) that "the stuff I write is loaded with the dynamite that will one day destroy the barriers erected around me."

J. H. HINER.

SIR: I am not a literary critic. Nor do I have a name that you have ever heard. I am a librarian. Don't cringe, please, because I am not a fuddy-duddy.



"It was cheaper to buy up the remainder of his novel."

Now Mr. Bromfield and Miss Halsey are both good writers. They know how to handle words. And opinions. But on finishing Miss Halsey's blast [*SRL* Oct. 18] I had the same reaction that I had to Mr. Bromfield's patronizing dissertation [*SRL* Sept. 13]; neither of them is objective. Mr. Bromfield doesn't like book clubs and Miss Halsey doesn't like Mr. Bromfield, so nothing very important has been added to the realm of literary criticism.

It is my belief that current literature cannot be judged by a contemporary. Nor can current art or current music or current drama be hailed as masterpieces by contemporary critics. Time is still the unsurpassed critic. What is livable will live.

When we think in terms of a broad educational field, we can certainly be impressed by the number of readers today compared with the number of readers fifty years ago. We can surely appreciate the variety of writers compared with the few of fifty years ago. I cannot be downhearted because publishers have to make a living and promote writing that is inferior. The great book, the lasting book, will shine out like a gem among the rhinestones.

In our age we have so much more of everything; but quality of product is invariably rare. The furriers do a good job of trying to make muskrat look like mink, and don't even try to kid you about it (now that we have a law), but the person who wants mink is going to get mink.

So it is with readers. We have readers, and we have quality readers. However, the fact that we have a vast reading public, where at one time books were limited to scholars, is to people in my semi-educational position a wondrous accomplishment. It is better for people to read something than nothing.

People who work with words have to make a living. Mr. Bromfield and Miss Halsey both should know. I can see no reason why they should not be permitted to make a living.

Because, I have faith in the American mind. Great art, vibrant and beautiful, is in the free American mind. And fifty years from now, from all the tons of books published, will emerge another row of classics.

I am perfectly willing to leave the judgment to my grandchildren, and in the meantime select my reading to suit my taste.

A LIBRARIAN.

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: Non-professional onlookers like myself enjoy the sight of a good professional bout. But so far, Louis Bromfield attracts my money. If Margaret Halsey were of our sex I would say she had led with her chin. In her eyes, every book reviewer is to be compared with $30,000 salaried officials, with the implication that prestige is measured by money. And writers as well as lawyers and others are "taught as school children that every self-respecting, red-blooded American makes and takes as much money as he can" and stays out of jail. If she is serious, I commend to her the reading of a few pages of "Walden," not to mention the life of one Hawthorne, who practised twelve years before publishing anything worth while.

PERCY W. BROWN.

Cleveland, O.

## Cheers for Robsjohn-Gibbings

SIR: Mr. McLaughlin's review of "Mona Lisa's Mustache" [*SRL* Nov. 22] sickened me not a little. After being exposed to all forms of art for seventeen formative years, I sincerely believe that the necessity to read a book or undertake a course of study in order to understand a painting completely negates the painting's value. Three cheers for Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings—and the good clean air of common sense.

ROSEMARY HAFF.

New York, N. Y.



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# Seeing Things

## CRIME WITH PUNISHMENT

SITTING before "Crime and Punishment"* the other night, I found myself forced to think as often about Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch as about Dostoievsky. Why the cheerful Mrs. Wiggs in the presence of this stage version of Raskolnikoff's woes? Because it was she, you may recall, who rushed up to Lovey Mary, when Lovey Mary was about to board a train for Niagara Falls, and thrust an empty bottle into her hands. Mrs. Wiggs had her reasons. As she explained, she had always wanted to see the Falls herself. What is more, she was certain she would be able to do so if only Lovey Mary would be so obliging as to bring her back a bottle filled with its waters.

Anyone who hopes to capture the true dimensions of Dostoievsky's novel in a dramatization is bound to be guilty of believing that Niagara can be brought home in a bottle. Undoubtedly, it is the book's greatness as a book which has lured Rodney Ackland into trying his hand at turning it into a play. Yet it is this very greatness which has eluded him, precisely as it has eluded other dramatists who, in the case of "Crime and Punishment," have been naïve enough to attempt the impossible.

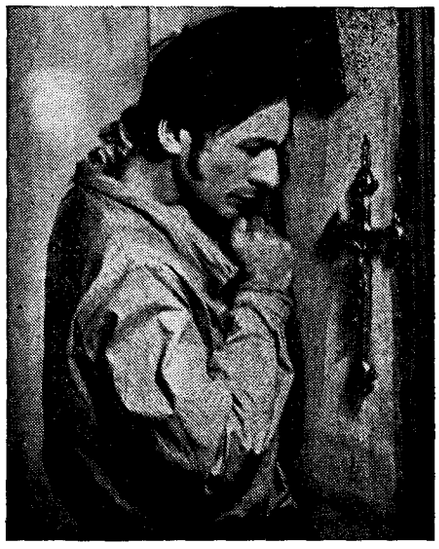
What Mr. Ackland has quarried from the original, and what John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, Dolly Haas, and a traffic jam of lesser players act for us (often with skill), is a spoken synopsis of Dostoievsky's novel. It is that—and nothing more.

Most of the major incidents have in one way or another been sardined into Paul Sherriff's many-roomed boarding-house setting. Once again Raskolnikoff, the student turned murderer, finds his way to redemption by confessing his crime, as an agent of the police draws his net closer and closer. Once again the agonies of Raskolnikoff are highlighted against a background seething with other characters. These are as hopeless and wretched, as drunken and cough-shaken, as low and ignoble, as gutter-fallen and dispiriting, as can only be found in the gloomier literature of Imperial Russia.

But, because of the evening's theatrical needs, strange things have happened. Time has been jet-propelled. Dostoievsky's pages are no longer to be thumbed through by hand. The novel has had to be held up before an electric fan. Whole chapters have been blown over at a time. Motivations which accumulate throughout long sequences in the original have been reduced to impulses briefly stated and responded to with greater brevity. The inner life of the book—its real point and glory—has been extinguished. Only an outline of its outward action remains; a *précis* which just happens to be served up as dialogue. Even this is sketched in with a cartoonist's haste; with a cartoonist's reliance, too, upon the suggestive power of a few timorous strokes.

That Mr. Ackland qualifies as a professional packer of uncommon determination, no one can deny. He has filled his trunk to overflowing by emptying Dostoievsky's wardrobe. From a packer's point of view the wonder may be how Mr. Ackland ever managed to cram so much in. From a playgoer's point of view, however, the tragedy is that he has left so much out.

The result of Mr. Ackland's lid-sitting is far from satisfactory. It is apt to satisfy only those who think a book is no more than its story. There are readers who have mastered their alphabet but never learned how to read. They want to be in the know without knowing. They read to keep up conversationally rather than to enjoy an author. To them a writer's style, craftsmanship, observation, spirit, and mind say nothing; his narrative says everything. If they dip into Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales," they think they are getting Shakespeare. If they become acquainted with the story of "The Ring" as retold by Shaw in "The Perfect Wagnerite," they persuade themselves they are authorities on Wagner and have heard his music. If they, as adults, read Monsignor Sheen's "Jesus, Son of Mary," they convince themselves they have been in direct contact with the Gospels.



**Raskolnikoff "is forever dampening himself with his own tears, whispering like a radiator, [and] out-yelling a hog-caller."**

BUT EVEN the most confirmed of synopsis-hounds and restatement-worshippers must be aware, in the presence of "Crime and Punishment," that what the theatre is offering them in Dostoievsky's name in no way explains his reputation. The absorption of the novel is missing; the depth is gone. Because of the evening's inevitable haste, men and women, once unforgettable as people, now race as shadows. Great scenes are telescoped into hurried episodes. A novel which probed the abysses of spiritual anguish has been condensed into a play that bobs on the surface of despair. Everywhere the shell is offered in the locust's place. Everything is there except the qualities which granted preeminence to Dostoievsky's writing.

It is easy enough to understand why Mr. Gielgud should wish to play Raskolnikoff. However miserable a sniveler this Russian student may be even in the rich pages of the novel, he is the kind of character that permits an actor to celebrate a Thespian May Day, Guy Fawkes Day, Fourth of July, Bastille Day, and Labor Day all at one time.

Romeo, who is something of a master whiner, is a model of self-control beside Raskolnikoff. Public blubberer and weeper though the young Montague is, his eyes are dust bowls compared to the Russian's. Raskolnikoff is forever dampening himself with his own tears, whispering like a radiator, rolling his eyes as if he were signaling Paul Revere, out-yelling a hog-caller, indulging in hysterical giggles, beating his breast as if it were a rock pile, abandoning the vertical to embrace the floor, and in general reeling and writhing and fainting in coils.

There is, of course, more of Hamlet in Raskolnikoff than there is of

*CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, a dramatization of Fyodor Dostoievsky's novel by Rodney Ackland. Directed by Theodore Komisarjevsky. Associate producer, Bea Lawrence. Setting by Sherriff. Costumes by Lester Polakov. Presented by Robert Whitehead and Oliver Rea. With a cast including John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, Dolly Haas, Vladimir Sokoloff, Alice John, Sanford Meisner, E. A. Krumschmidt, etc. At the National Theatre.



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ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

Romeo. Actors who have succeeded as Gertrude's son appear to find it as hard to put the Dane behind them in their serious parts as players do to abandon Lincoln if ever they have triumphed as the Great Emancipator. Mr. Gielgud was a brilliant Hamlet. If his performance still haunts our minds, it is only natural that his own mind should be haunted by the Prince. His Raskolnikoff, which is also brilliant, has its many Elsinored moments. The language of his Slavic Hamlet is now limited to prose, and negligible prose at that. This, no doubt, is why, in spite of the style, fire, and abandon of Mr. Gielgud's playing, he comes perilously close at times to empty theatricalism.

The production in which he appears is as populous as it was when Mr. Gielgud acted Raskolnikoff in London summer before last, and is housed in the same setting. But, though Dolly Haas and Lillian Gish are excellent as the prostitute and the fallen aristocrat and Mr. Gielgud's characterization is unchanged, something has gone out of the performance as a whole. Theodore Komisarjevsky is never quite able to fuse the surging crowds with which he has to deal into an ensemble. His American actors in bit parts have not mastered the art of group playing. Although as odd types they show the influence of Dickens on Dostoievsky, they plainly have not learned the lessons the Moscow Art Theatre had to teach the world. They get in each other's way. They clutter up the stage. They remain ragged, if not rugged, individualists. In spite of their beards, blouses, or boots, they are always closer to the Hudson than the Neva.

A grave, truly an insurmountable, defect in the current "Crime and Punishment," is Vladimir Sokoloff's police inspector. Mr. Sokoloff turns a character, whose ability to create terror is essential to the story's drive, into so amiable a creature that what little drama the dramatization can claim fades entirely. He is mild enough to have been fathered by A. A. Milne; sufficiently agreeable to serve as a greeter with the Travelers Aid; and so benign in manner that the wonder is he is not one of the Cheeryble Brothers.

My confreres who have praised Mr. Sokoloff could not have seen Peter Ustinov play the same part in London. Certainly they must have forgotten the perfect performance of the inspector once given by Sidney Greenstreet. This was way back in 1926 down at the Greenwich Village Theatre, when Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis appeared briefly in another unsatisfactory dramatization of "Crime and Punishment," rechristened "The Humble" on



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JOHN GIELGUD
as Raskolnikoff in Dostoyevsky's
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Dramatized by RODNEY ACKLAND
with LILLIAN GISH
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF
and DOLLY HAAS
Directed by THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Associate Producer, BEA LAWRENCE
NATIONAL, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Wed-Sat

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that occasion. Though in the intervening years the world may have shrunken for many, Mr. Greenstreet was then as rotund—or almost as rotund—as he is now. He was as fine an actor, too. His quiet-voiced playing of his cross-examination scenes with Raskolnikoff were so shuddery in their suspense, so insistent in their persecution, so gentle but sulphurous in their inquisitorial means, that they could have served as models for police agents everywhere in the breaking down of suspects.

Worthy as the present production of "Crime and Punishment" may be as an attempt, it seems to me, by having been attempted at all, to be based upon a total misapprehension of the real qualities of Dostoievsky's novel. No wonder Niagara has once again refused to be captured in a bottle.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

# *For the Final Century*

By Jeremy Ingalls

*In memory of Gabriele von Munk, who died in Auschwitz, December 1942, Christian, Austrian, and Liberal.*

ALTHOUGH in this harsh autumn bush and lair
We wait the final roar, to you who know
Only these years of flight I tell you how
The world was once, in years before the char
Of earth blew sour all seasons, how the wind
Ran sweet on parliaments and cities where,
Despite of slough and greed, lived one most fair,
Most gallant and most gentle and most kind.

Her world: Vienna. Wit in orbit spun
Through fragrance, milder follies, ancient skill,
The eyelash glint and challenge in the swirl
Of gown and tune. And still her Sunday lawn
A trap for emperors and sudden prong
Impaling führers. Hers, a will serene
To bandage age and sorrow. Her domain
On God and devil in quick balance hung.

But how shall I persuade you who have seen
In flight and ambush only hunch and stare,
The shudder and spilled tears, and draw you near
A Renaissance distinction or pull clean
A face more subtle than who yelp for hire
In trading caterwaul and forage spite—
Or teach you her last valor that you might
Lie down more wisely to the coming fire?

For yes, the fire will come. The kindled spark
First kindled when the sun let fall this heap
And habitation, primal fire will reap
Last torturer and tortured. Late it struck
On clamoring boots and breaking doors and snared
This widow lost to comfort that she dared
Reject invader's fiat. You have heard
These legends of old torments long endured.

You know. You hear. Have heard. Why now recall
From a far continent and lost December
One ghost from out that steaming funeral?
Her strength was sum of courage free to loan
The lesser hearts beside her. The corral
So seldom leapt was slipped by one to tell
Her words alive although the flesh be gone.

What she had seen among the linden trees
And seen more clear within the deadly wire
That wound them in the smother and the fire
Be yours to see. So let your words be these
That were her words; and mercy be her face
Of terrible serenity upon
All final penitence. Her words to learn:
"For me this death is but from God a grace."



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# NEW EDITIONS

"THE TROLLOPE READER" (Oxford University Press, $4.50), edited by Esther Cloudman Dunn and Marion E. Dodd, provides a pleasant browsing ground for old Trollopians, and an introduction to new literary pastures for readers who are still strangers to such matters as the chronicles of Barsetshire, the strange case of the Eustace diamonds, and the domestic and political careers of Plantagenet Palliser and Phineas Finn. The editors have grouped their usually brief excerpts under convenient heads and subheads; their volume, which is small and light in the hand, is printed for easy reading; and the intent of their labors must be applauded by all of us who believe that the present revival of interest in the works of Anthony Trollope is but a just response to a truly remarkable writer of fiction.

Yet I think that these editors, steeped as they were in their author, have not recognized clearly the problems posed by their chosen task. Too many of their extracts are self-sufficient only to readers already familiar with the context from which they have been drawn. The scene at the gaming-table, for example, can mean little to anyone unacquainted with the characters of Lady Glencora and her husband; and the Duke of Omnium's proposal must mean nearly nothing to one who has not known his Grace and Madame Goesler. Lopez's suicide cannot stir or even interest those unaware of his story. The interview between Lizzie Eustace and Mr. Camperdown can only puzzle readers ignorant of the fate of the Eustace diamonds; while an appreciation of Tifto's character is essential to an appreciation of how and why Prime Minister failed to win the Derby.

Certain selected portraits, scenes, and reflections on mankind stand up well by themselves; but too many do not. It was a grave mistake also, if this book was meant to win a new audience for Trollope, not to indicate the source of each selection by means of key-number references to volumes and pages. The "index" provided may be made to serve a patient person, but it is not the kind that was required. However, for those who do know Trollope well, this is a companionable book.

From Barsetshire to the land of Paul Bunyan, the Blue Ox, and the Big Swede is a long, long way, yet there are readers capable of feeling at home in both countries. The great logger owes most of his present fame to James Stevens, who brought the giant and his companions out of the woods back in 1925. After which came the plagiarists. Stevens's "Paul Bunyan" now appears in a new edition (Knopf, $3) with added material in the old vein, illustrated by Allen Lewis. The tall stories in this collection are first rate, but speaking critically, if perhaps confusingly, it seems to me that a tall tale grows shorter as it grows longer. Or shall we say that a tall story's stature diminishes when it is one of a crowd? Once you have watched Bunyan log the Upside Down Mountain, the story of the great black duck dinner seems entirely reasonable, even tame. But anyone who has a hearty appetite for such yarns should not allow himself to miss the story of the wonderful log drive made possible by bridled whales.

In "Hammond's New World Atlas" ($16.95) the Garden City Publishing Company covers considerably more territory than does either Trollope or Paul Bunyan. Indeed, they cover just about all earthly territory possible, with detailed maps of various kinds (political, historical, economic, physical, geographical indices, population statistics, air-line distance charts, illustrated gazetteers, and anthropological surveys. So, if you have been looking for a serviceable, comprehensive atlas, you need now look no further.

Luis Quintanilla has engraved twenty-four plates and made 160 drawings to illustrate with imagination and power the Crown Publishers edition of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" ($5), the value of which is enhanced by Jacques Barzun's fresh appraisal of a classic with which too few readers are really well acquainted. . . . R. H. Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," recently discussed in this department, is an important addition to Pelican Books (35¢) . . . The travel-story of an indefatigable romantic is completed in "The Famous Adventures of Richard Halliburton" (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.98), omnibus companion to "The Royal Adventures" of the same author . . . "Pitcairn's Island," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, is now a Pocket Book (25¢) . . . And James T. Farrell's "Young Lonigan," first volume of the Studs Lonigan series, is among the Penguins (25¢).

BEN RAY REDMAN.


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## ANCESTOR OF ANTI-REALISM

(Continued from page 7)

President Gilman and the infant Johns Hopkins University. He was thus deeply impressed by the possibility of discovering a scientific basis for both music and poetry in mathematical physics. (Compare here Henry Adams's assertion that history must find a scientific basis or retire from the field of scholarship, and the turn, not many years later, of literary study to scientific linguistics for its authority.) In this new interest he was undoubtedly stimulated by his association with the mathematician Sylvester, the classicist Gildersleeve, the visiting physicist Hastings, and the philologist Cook. Largely as a result of these contacts, he took as his own specialized task the discovery of the physical structure of verse, and he even applied unsuccessfully for a fellowship so that he might pursue the study of physics for itself. Physics-music-poetry—here is the trilogy of elements that Lanier, the pioneer, the amateur, strove to weave together into a single fabric. Inevitably, art in itself became for him an obsession rather than merely a relaxation or a means of communication and uplift. Almost with his dying breath he stated his thesis, but he could do little more. The effort was too great for his rapidly failing health and his inadequate scholarly equipment. One challenging book of critical theory, a handful of experimental poems in illustration, and a huge store of lecture notes and personal letters alone remain. But his emphasis on the technical possibilities of the spoken word was to be handed on to others of greater scholarly training and more time and strength. T. S. Eliot and his fellows are no sports in our literary history.

One further note must be added, a note which perhaps ties this belated Elizabethan even more closely to modern trends in poetry than do the above somewhat desultory comments. Lanier differed from his rival for the Johns Hopkins professorship in English literature, Albert S. Cook, in one important respect. Both were attempting to find scientific bases for literary study, but whereas Cook was a philologist and thought of the study of literature as a branch of historical linguistics, Lanier strove toward an appreciation of the work of literature in itself by analysis of the forms and ideas to be found immediately in it. Although he attempted to master the history of English literature, he used what little knowledge he thus acquired to point up analogies and contrasts in form and theme rather than to define influences. That Cook and not Lanier received the appointment is a significant fact in the history of our university departments of English, with their emphasis on German philology rather than on French *explication de texte*. Perhaps if this true poet had held a pioneering chair of English and had lived to fill out his calling, there might not be as wide a chasm as there has been, at least until recently, between Cambridge gown and New York town.

## *Study in Shadows*

By Joseph Joel Keith

THE EYES of children hurt and maligned
darken; and fear,
crouching in the unlit corner,
becomes accustomed
to the lonely blackness.

These children see
unreality in the real world before them;
stunted,
friendless,
having not even themselves
for friend,
they look inward
through the private hell,
and they grow hunched
as they strive
in the hidden caverns,
beneath the stalactites.

# *Want to Become a Literary Genius?*

ROBERT MARLOWE

"WRITERS! Are you getting your share of the millions of dollars editors are paying for stories? Over $5,000 for a single story! Kipling, Doyle, London have gone! New writers wanted! Send for our course in story writing."

As a young writer with restless ambitions, I would appreciate $5,000 for a single story. So I have answered a good many advertisements like that one. The writers' magazines are full of them; sometimes fifty to sixty in a total of 120 ads. And plenty of other publications carry them, too.

These "schools" insist they are interested only in students whose work shows genuine merit. They will tell you whether yours has merit or not. But somehow the claims of many of them didn't quite convince me. I decided to test them out. In almost illegible longhand, I wrote a "true experience" story which I called "The Shark." Taking pains to stop just short of utter hodgepodge, I strove mightily to make my yarn so rambling, repetitive, ungrammatical, and poorly punctuated that it would be unmistakably hopeless. Then, picking out a dozen representative schools, I sent the manuscript to each of them. I begged for an honest appraisal, saying I did not want to waste my time or my GI money unless I had real writing talent.

Incidentally, here's how "The Shark" started off:

I went swimming while I was in Panama one day during the war in the United States Army Signal Corpse and I did not know that the water was forbidden to enter for the enlisted men because of the dangerous sharks that swam in the waters there. I grew bolder and bolder as I floated on my back about in the comfortable spray out by the rocks of the shoreline and after long reflection I thought I would like to swim father out in the ocean for awhile so I did and soon I was over five miles! from the rocks and the shoreline and then I saw a sharp black thing in the water over by the breakwater and it came close to me in the sunshine so it could see me there.

I guess I got a little scared because I knew I was forbidden to go into that water it was not allowed for the enlisted men. I tried to keep my head on my shoulders bravely and courageously and I read something in a magazine once about sharks in the ocean are afraid of excitement so I hit the water with my strong brave hands and I yelled to frighten it away. Everything that day went black at once!!!...

Within a few days the first reply reached me. And the others came tumbling after. In words such as neither Kipling nor Doyle nor London ever received in their salad days, I was told that I had an authentic literary talent which these schools could lead toward its fulness of power.

"The Shark" is a good piece of simply written action and description [replied one man whose address is in a famous Eastern university town]. I would certainly



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like to see more of your work and to have you join one of our classes in short story writing. The cost is only $10 for ten meetings. Perhaps you would like to come to a conference with me; our fee for conferences is $3, or for a double conference, $4.

A manuscript maestro who holds forth in Hollywood was more profuse as well as much more expensive.

Your name has been placed on my accepted list . . . sensitive, well-written description of your swim in the "forbidden waters" . . . fine emotional analysis . . . vividly re-created scenes . . . you have a sensitive, artistic temperament. [$240 for the course.]

This is a nice little story you have here and I am sure that you can do creative writing [declared the head of a school located in a Texas city]. Writing is about two thirds work and one third insperation [so spelled]. . . . The formula for success I offer is twelve powerful little pellets of plotting knowledge. Let's get started now. [$25 for the course.]

A service maintained by a leading magazine for writers had this to say:

If you write stories as well as you write autobiographies, we anticipate real encouragement in teaching you to write to sell. We are pleased to accept you as a student . . . [$27.50 for the course.]

One Hollywood agency ($25 for the course) even suggested a market for my piffle: "Very commendable. Might appeal to ———— ———— (giving the name of a national magazine)." And the guiding genius of another California school affirmed: "I was interested in 'The Shark.' If you will work steadily, you may uncover depth of talent you did not know you possessed. What you need is guidance. . . ." (Only $15, in advance, for the promised "guidance.")

In making clear my need for his services, a New York agent pointed out that I had "a good deal to learn." However, he quickly added: "This should not discourage you, for writing is always very difficult to learn. I'll be delighted to work with you. All best wishes." ($25 for the course.) The same technique was employed more subtly and alluringly by a school in the Pacific Northwest:

This sketch falls short of professional form. . . . But you do have a vivid background and that is one of the most important things any author can have. One of our students, a retired sailor on windjammers, started out with much the same troubles you show. He sold some articles before finishing the course and is doing a weekly column now for a newspaper. [$47.50 for the complete course, $37.50 for the short-story course.]

When I took up none of those kind offers, the schools turned on the follow-up, with brochures and letters about three times a week.

One, offering the $240 course, wrote me:

We are taking a personal interest in your career. Many writers with far less to recommend them than you possess have achieved success, some phenomenally. He who hesitates is lost. But I have been admonished not to sermonize, for our Chief assumes that any man whose aptitude for writing is as manifest as yours is quite capable of mastering his own destiny.

One of the brochures, handsomely printed and packed full of photographs and endorsements by authors, editors, and other literary authorities, was accompanied by a personality and aptitude test which the director claimed would accurately appraise my talent. I took this test.

Writing again in nearly illegible longhand, I misspelled, mispunctuated, and mangled the King's English. In a test for dramatic creation, I turned out about as much genuine drama as you'd find in a soggy tea bag. An-


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swering a quiz that invited stupid replies, I made mine as stupid as I possibly could.

One "exercise" called for an account of the most regrettable thing I'd ever done. I regretted pushing my little sister off a high beam in a barn. The school volubly told me I had a "fine autobiographical style."

Another "exercise" was this: one of two sisters, Siamese twins joined back to back, has poisoned a chap. How untangle the guilty sister? I suggested asking them, and using the lie detector, and finger-printing. Loud praise from the school: "You have used your mind, you have *solved* the problem."

This institution, whose varied activities necessitated two addresses in the same city, filled five typed pages of comment on my responses to this test with such superlatives as "splendid quality of imagination," "high intelligence," and "sensitive artistic temperament." When I failed to reply, I received a letter from the "Chief Analyst, Creative Test Staff" (one of the school's many divisions and titles) urging: "You have imagination, sensibility . . . and desire . . . the stronger the desire, the greater the talent. I am personally interested in your case." I took the same test again, under another name, from another address, and giving quite different answers. I got *identically the same reply,* five typed pages of flowery praise.

Two schools, however, were different. One, located in New York, after wading through "The Shark" wrote me that "it would not be fair to you if we were to advise you to enroll at the present time," and suggested I buy "any good grammar." This is one of the few writing schools approved for GI use. And a Florida school gave me a refreshingly frank analysis of my lack of writing ability:

> You haven't a story. It isn't even an anecdote. It is a very loosely connected series of unrelated incidents wholly without point and without significance. You have mixed tenses, dangling phrases, hopeless lack of punctuation, no continuity, poor usage, and about every single mistake that can possibly be made. You're only wasting your time trying to write.
>
> We're running a school for potential writers, and your money is as good as the next man's. But we'd be lying to you if we encouraged you. You simply haven't got what it takes. The woods are full of literary charlatans. You can no doubt find dozens of so-called experts who would tell you that you showed possibilities, because they want your money. Don't believe them. If any man assures you that he can teach you to write, after reading this effort of yours, that man is lying. If you want to eat, take up some trade and forget writing. Your story is a literary monstrosity.

Here is the rest of "The Shark." I have become quite fond of the little tale, by now.

> When I woke up I was happy to find myself in the warm cozy bed of the station hospital and there was a nice pretty nurse (! ! !) standing beside me holding my hand and in her hand and she was in white like Florence Nightingale we used to read in school and she said you had a very narrow escape she said because one of your friends in the Army saw you and killed the shark with his paddle and you were saved by the men.
>
> I was dizzy with fear and panik-stricken I saw I was glad she was there with me holding my hand and it was better than doing KP duty and she rubbed my forehead and with her nice hand and it felt cool and then I went to sleep and I feel good and when I woke up the captain (captain Murphy) was glad I was alive and he said I would not be punished for swimming in the water that we were not allowed to go in.
>
> I was very happy! ! ! that day for we had a very good supper in the hospital and it was better than the regular messhall but I was *determined never* to go swimming again in those waters and I really learned my lesson that day allright and won't forget my experience in a short time.
>
> It was almost as bad as *real fighting* overseas! ! ! !

## IDEAS

(*Continued from page* 13)

ing about, in the hope that it may prompt many who are not "educationalists" to live with its 800 pages long enough to be caught up onto its mount of transfiguration where first things are again given first place.

In insisting that education is an art "which employs the primary concepts of other bodies of subject matter which are established sciences," Mr. Krugg enumerates as the data of education:

> from physics: energy, the field. . . .
> from biology: growth, integration, individual differences
> from psychology: experience, the self, the problem, personality, movement.
> from culture and society: democracy, freedom, cultural equality, the sustained-yield. . . .
> from esthetics: expressional art, felt movements, form. . . .

This is a giant of a book in far more than the physical sense. It is spacious and at home in its commodious dimensions. It is hopeful and affirmative. "Enough is known of man, his knowing and his behavior, to organize his teaching."

It is sufficiently schematic—without dogmatism or rigidity—to help both lay and professional readers to a more cogent orientation to tomorrow's education. Indeed, to the lay reader the final six pages entitled "A New Yardstick on Which to Design and to Appraise a School," are worth the price of the book in point of being a condensed guide to thought and act and further study.

At this time when educational inadequacies are front page news because of local and national inquiries under both private and public auspices, and when sins of omission—financial and pedagogical—are being eagerly confessed, this book will be a landmark to which can repair for direction and for new heart every person who wants education to serve to build a really democratic community.



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# *Correcting Grandsire*

*—From "Selected Works of Thomas H. Huxley."*

**Thomas H. Huxley, his son Leonard Huxley, and his grandson Julian Huxley.**

*TOUCHSTONE FOR ETHICS. By T. H. Huxley and Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 257 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

INFORMING this entire volume are overtones of a distinguished family. Julian Huxley here sets right his grandfather, T. H. Huxley (though with natural piety), and corrects the mysticism of his famous brother, Aldous Huxley. Yet all is done in the gracious name of truth and with deference toward scientific progress.

It is indeed this notion of progress — progress through knowledge — that constitutes what in the title our author designates "touchstone for Ethics." His grandfather's error was in thwarting progress by too bold an opposition between ethics and evolution. The theme, indeed, of the older Huxley's Romanes lecture (1894) was that "the ethical progress of society consists, not in imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

> Today [continues the grandson—and this is the theme of his own Romanes lecture a half century after his grandfather's—] that contradiction can, I believe, be resolved—on the one hand by extending the concept of evolution both backward into the inorganic and forward into the human domain, and on the other by considering ethics not as a body of fixed principles, but as a product of evolution, and itself evolving.

This is no radical conclusion as touching ethics, but it is a conclusion well argued against the grandfather and well placed in the stream of thought which connects the grandfather and the grandson.

Julian Huxley leads up to his grandfather's lecture with an historical introduction of interest to professional ethicists, and down from his own lecture with an able "Vindication of Darwinism," of chief interest to biologists. His own lecture is, like his grandfather's, of interest to all intelligent men who want to see how man came to be the moralist he is and who yearn to play a creative part in ongoing evolution.

It is on this notion of evolution unfinished that he sets his brother —and other theologians—right. Aldous, thinks Julian, errs in his "Perennial Philosophy" by confusing a mysticism that leads out of time to Nirvana and a mysticism that remains in time and banks on love to bring things round. Aldous's "denial of the validity and importance to any notion of progress in time . . . cannot be maintained, and indeed is illogical."

All this comes with high appropriateness from one who has turned aside from his own technical scientific work in an atomic age to direct mankind's organized effort to a peaceful culture through UNESCO. This book is indeed the director's underpinning for a faith that in ideological conflict must often appear thin. The book is itself thick (not in space but with hope). It relies upon an evolved organ—conscience—and an evolved technique—individual purpose and social planning—to further the process of evolution and the flowering of an improved ethics.

> Man [says the book at the end], the conscious microcosm, has been thrown up by the blind and automatic forces of the unconscious macrocosm. But now his consciousness can begin to play an active part, and to influence the process of the macrocosm by guiding and acting as the growing-point of its evolution. Man's ethics and his moral aspirations have now become an integral part of any future evolutionary progress.


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CHILDREN'S CHOICE

IT IS the purpose of this department to bring out each year in the January number an author whose value to the boys and girls of America has been proven through constant demand. Not the books that we have come to think of as "classics." These are well taken care of through reprints and new illustrated editions. What we would like to emphasize are the authors and artists who have been accepted by the children without reservation, whose books are remembered and bought by fathers and mothers and reordered each year for the children's rooms of public and school libraries. When the new books are displayed each year, grown-ups are apt to forget the old ones. But the children do not forget. If they like a book, the date of its publication means nothing to them. We feel that we are fortunate in inaugurating this series with a sketch of the author and artist who created Dr. Dolittle by the editor who shepherded all of his books through the presses—Helen Dean Fish.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

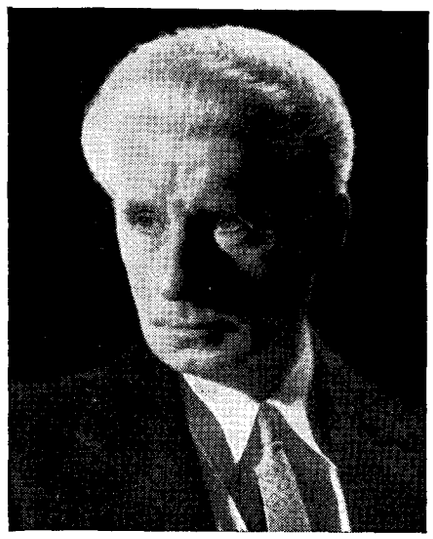
## *Dr. Dolittle's Creator*

ON THE 26th of last September word came that Hugh Lofting had passed away at his home in California. He was sixty-one years old. My mind went back to a day in the summer of 1919 when a tall, shy Englishman called at the offices of the Frederick A. Stokes Co. and left a manuscript, asking modestly if it could be read to see if it were something that we might care to publish. The story, he explained, had grown from a series of illustrated letters he had written to his children when he was at the front during the war. Because some of the world's great books for children have had such an origin, I opened "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" with optimism. I glanced first at a few enchanting pencil drawings. Then I began to read: "Once upon a time, many years ago when our grandfathers were little children, there was a doctor, and his name was Dolittle. He lived in a little town called Puddleby-on-the-Marsh."

I was soon lost in the tale of the kind little man who "was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets." There was a duck in the story named Dab-Dab; Gub-Gub, the baby pig; the dog Jip, who could smell the difference between warm water and cold; a wise old parrot, Polynesia, who spoke perfect English, and Too-Too, the wise owl. But when a crocodile came to live in the house, the doctor's sister refused to keep house any longer, and went away and got married. Then the doctor gave up his practice with humans, devoted himself—with the aid of Polynesia—to learning animal language, and became the animals' own physician.

Before I had read a dozen pages of all this I was sure of a "find" of unusual quality. Without finishing the manuscript I bore the news to Frederick Stokes, who became the publisher of Hugh Lofting's books in the years that followed. It was the beginning of a faithful relationship between author and publisher. For there was little for an editor to do but stand by appreciatively and watch a method that was sure and delightful—the writing of story after story, with the drawing of pictures for each, about a character so deeply realized that the vein of imagination and humor never wore thin. Since 1920, when "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" was published, children all over the world have read it and the nine others that followed. They have been translated into almost every language, and excerpts from them are used in standard text books as examples of good writing for children. Each year more than fifty thousand copies in the regular edition on America and England.

Wherein lies Hugh Lofting's gift to readers of all ages? First, he had a story to tell, and that story was always entertaining. He believed that a story *must* be entertaining and that nothing should be allowed to interfere with that fundamental purpose. This explains the inevitable chuckles that accompany the reading of Dr. Dolittle's adventures. Second, Hugh Lofting had a strong belief in the beauty of language, a conviction that "there is no greater aim for the use of any language than presenting its most precise subtleties so that they can be grasped by the youngest minds." Thus, when Dr. Dolittle uses a large word, it is the perfect and only word to express his meaning. It is so used that the child reader is left without the slightest doubt as to its meaning, even though he may never have met it before. Children who read prose like this are stimulated to read for new words, new thoughts, new understanding. Above all, Hugh Lofting understood children.



Hugh Lofting: "Who shall say where the dividing line lies that separates the child from the adult?"

> There is nothing in the whole world that children are not interested in [he said]. If writers would only get away from this classifying of children as a separate species, we would get very much better books for the younger generation. For who shall say where the dividing line lies that separates the child from the adult? Practically all children want to be grown up and practically all grown-ups want to be children. God help us—the adults—when we have no vestige of childhood in our hearts.

Hugh Lofting was born in Maidenhead, England, in 1886 of English and Irish parents. He was educated by the Jesuits in England and came to America as a young man to complete his studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He traveled extensively in his profession as a civil engineer until World War I. He was an officer in the Irish Guards when he found that writing illustrated letters to his children eased the terrific strain of war which he felt so keenly.

In 1923 he won the Newbery Medal for his second story, "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" judged by the librarians the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children of its year.

The Loftings lived in Connecticut, where his first two children were



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born. After the death of his wife he moved to California. There he married Josephine Fricker. A son, Christopher Clement, was born in 1936 and became the inspiration for his latest book, "Dr. Dolittle and the Secret Lake," which is now being prepared for publication.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Hugh Lofting has been paid by the children. Their letters of condolence to his wife, from all over the world, speak poignantly of their sense of loss. In his foreword to the tenth edition of "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" Hugh Walpole says: "Dolittle seems to extend his hand from the page and grasp that of his reader, and I can see him going down the centuries, a kind of Pied Piper with thousands of children at his heels."

HELEN DEAN FISH.

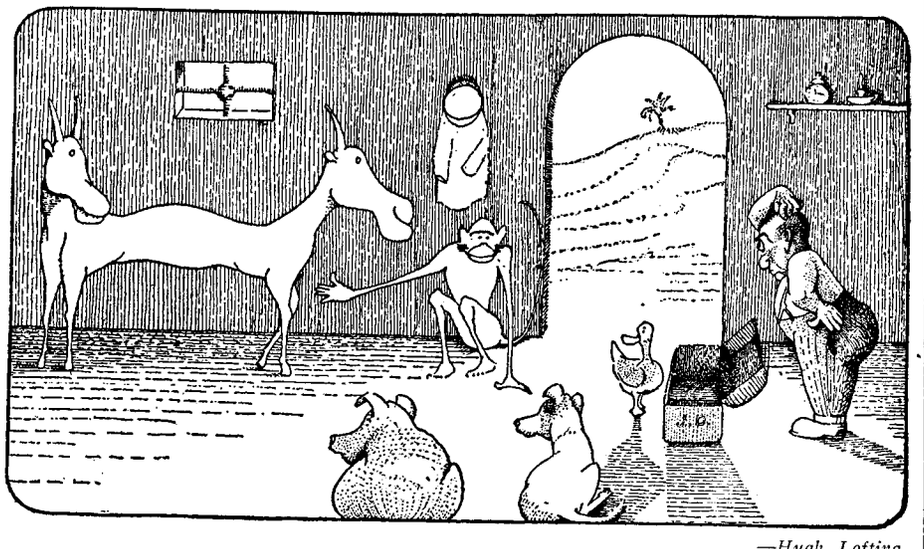
*THEIR SEARCH FOR GOD: Ways of Worship in the Orient. By Florence Mary Fitch. Illustrated with photographs selected by Edith Bozyan, Beatrice Creighton, and the author. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 1947. 160 *pp.* $3.

THE EXCELLENT photographs would make this book attractive even to a reader not naturally drawn to the subject. But what better way is there really to understand the mysterious East than through the faiths of its people? The material of this timely book is the fruit of a lifetime of study. The manuscript has been submitted to the judgment of many people, among them Pearl Buck, Gandhi, missionaries, philosophers, and others. In a simple, vivid manner the author presents the leading religions of the East and their most important ceremonies and festivals. Hinduism and Buddhism in India, Confucianism and Taoism in China, Shintoism in Japan become very real to the Western reader. He will notice how closely religious practices are linked with daily living. "The devout Hindu goes to his day's work conscious that to work is to worship, for he is filling the place God has assigned to him and, if he is not faithful, his land and his people cannot prosper. His work is his religion, his duty."

Christians will realize that there is great similarity between his thinking and some of the Eastern beliefs. Could they not, for instance, make this ancient prayer, from India? "O God, lead me from darkness to light, from the unreal to the real, from death to immortality."

*TOWN AND COUNTRY GAMES. By Robert North. Illustrated by Garry Mackenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* 1947. 179 *pp.* $2.50.

ONE LOOK at the cover-jacket of this book, and a sensible person will be tempted to go over it thoroughly and then add it to the family library. Never, in the recollection of this reviewer, have so many of the games made popular through generations of children been gathered together in one volume. In every country of the world children love singing games and games that challenge their wits and tell a story. In foreign countries games are one of the most revealing phases of a cultural inheritance. Here are the games that are played by the children of America, some with music and some without, some that are a challenge to bodies, and others that are a challenge to minds. Robert North has been especially happy in his illustrator. One goes on from the gay and attractive jacket to pages that are alive with tiny, individual figures, some of them realistic and some purely imaginative. It is a very happy-looking book.



—*Hugh Lofting.*

"Lord save us!" cried the duck. "How does it make up its mind?"

*THE HELICOPTER ADVENTURE. By Alexander Klemin. Illustrated by Flavia Gág. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.* 1947. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

THE AUTHOR of this book is an instructor in aeronautics and an editor of the *Aero Digest.* He obviously knows all that there is to know about helicopters—that plane that has an irresistible appeal to even very young boys. This knowledge comes through the medium of a story about a young Naval lieutenant, of the Second World War, and his younger brother who is still a school boy. Between them, with help from the family, they buy a helicopter and start The Harding Brothers Helicopter Service from Eastport, Maine. This is the story of their first summer—and it is quite a story.

What will especially appeal to boys about the story is its emphasis on the many uses of a helicopter. It proves that these little planes are not only lots of fun but that they can be a very effective source of income.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## WANTED: MEN TO MAKE CATASTROPHES

(Continued from page 18)

eration wealth, etc.;—all these ingredients were set aside as neighbors stopped sizing up each other with slide-rule eyes for the moment and got down to the business of forming snow-shoveling and rescue crews. Farther out towards the country, neighbors who lived in constant terror of being invited out to dinner by each other were pooling their jeeps and station wagons and heavy cars in order to open up their private roads and the public arteries—while their wives dug down into the deep-freeze units to build up a common food bank.

* * *

The only trouble with the storm was that it wasn't severe enough, didn't last long enough, didn't cover enough territory. For the world neighborhood is badly in need of a natural catastrophe that can pull it together. Little more than two years after the organized wreckage of one war came grinding to a halt, the momentum for another war has been gathering with such speed and force that the main question is no longer, will it come, but, when.

There was an idea two years ago that only a real world organization could keep the Great Neighborhood from being ripped apart and its peoples blasted from the skies by the ingenious discoveries of talented scientists. And the preamble to that organization was magnificent and inspiring, for it said that its purpose was to prevent the scourge of war. But when the nations of the Neighborhood came to the part of the document where they had to prove that they meant what they said in the preamble, they said nothing. No real rules of the game. No machinery. Nothing that could stick. Would Soviet Russia agree to set up real laws and then abide by them? Well, it would go along with the others for the ride but would have to retain for itself the right to approve any decision—no matter how many of the others were in the majority. How about the United States? Well, now, the United States was in a somewhat more favorable position, because it could count on the support of more nations than Russia, but no thanks, the United States would like to insist, too, on going its own way when it wished. So both giant nations got together at least that once and agreed

on a convenient way of disagreeing. The veto.

It didn't take very long for the two nations, knowing that each one suspected the other; knowing, too, that the other most certainly believed that war was inevitable in the long run and that therefore each had to prepare for anything that could happen in the short run; knowing, too, that any unfriendly nation anywhere in the world was a potential base of political and military action and that it therefore had to be protected or utilized or both—it didn't take very long for the two nations, under the circumstances, to find themselves in the identical position other nations have been in throughout history. Hamilton sized it up pretty well 160 years ago when he said that neighboring nations of equal power were natural enemies and that in the absence of either a common authority or a common danger they would compete unilaterally for security; but this required additional power, and since additional power threatened the security of the other, the thunder and the lightning were already in the making.

* * *

It is late, but not too late, to shine up the ideal of the common authority so that it will have real substance and meaning. But if that common authority is not to be, perhaps what is needed is a common danger. It brought us together once before and might do it again. And since there is no national power threatening the two giants, we may have to call upon nature to help do the job. Here is a real field for the scientists. They have been able to bend the skies to their will, first through flight and now by manufacturing weather. They have successfully prodded innocent and unsuspecting clouds into releasing rain, and have now been able to manufacture snow by carefully seeding the sky with pellets of dry ice.

Let the scientists now turn all their inventiveness and resourcefulness into the making of a world-wide downpour or blizzard of such duration and dimensions as would enable the presiding occupants of the planet to develop some perspective on their common problems. If the common danger of another war seems too remote to the human species to cause it to take appropriate measures soon for the common safety, then let it be confronted with a type of danger here and now that gives it no choice except to work together.

Let the skies open up and speak for peace in a way that Man can understand as plainly as he does the feel of cold or heat. Let the great deluge or the great blizzard come. Let the oceans swell and the rivers overflow their banks. Let the cities and the towns of the world be shut down, their power cut off, their roads blocked, their cars and their trains stalled, their food supply threatened. Let the rains and the snows continue until such time as Man can comprehend that the common action and intelligence which he knows is required to meet the assault of water and ice is no less crucially required to prevent political catastrophes. And let the disaster continue until Man decides finally what his future role on this planet is to be—a fawning misshapen, hunted creature scratching away feebly at the parched skin of the earth for food and fuel after the last of the great wars, or a human being sharply aware that the common destiny and individual destiny are one and that the privilege of human existence carries with it the obligation of nobility. What is nobility? It is difficult to say. But whatever else it may be or not be, it is never without reason, courage, conscience.

N. C.

## *University of California*

By Edith Henrich

UNDER the early sun
under the morning bells
brightly the students pass
speaking of life and joy
speaking of love.
Classic, their figures move
over eternal grass
the timeless girl and boy
under the morning hills
under the cyclotron.



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# The New Recordings

| COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS | ENGINEERING: *Recording Technique* | ENGINEERING: *Surface* | PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT |
|---|---|---|---|
| **THE RUSSIANS** | | | |
| BORODIN, PRINCE IGOR: POLOVETSIAN DANCES. London Philharmonic, Geo. Fitelberg. Decca London EDA 34 (2) | A particularly good example of the Decca technique—this type of music best suited to it. Big, echoful; over-all pickup. | A | A straightforward version of these familiar dances. All instrumental. |
| MOUSSORGSKY, BORIS GODOUNOV; NURSERY SCENE. Derek Barsham, boy soprano. Gladys Palmer, Norman Lumsden. London Symphony, Robinson. Decca London K 1601 (1) | Lovely, soft, shimmering recording, perfectly suits this serious, child-like music. Good, quiet highs to make words easily intelligible. Voices conversationally close. | A | A moving performance, utterly natural, unconsciously perfect, by gifted Derek Barsham. Nurse is stiltedly operatic in comparison. The Boris is good bass. An outstanding record. |
| TCHAIKOVSKY, SONGS. (Some accpts. arr. for orchestra.) Irra Petina. Orch. conducted by Walter Hendl. Columbia MM 712 (3) | Somewhat duller recorded orchestral sound than most recent Columbias, the range is probably the same. Voice is very close, but its volume is kept down, orchestra up. | A+ | A modest, unspectacular voice, with considerable charm. Much of this has radio-style, semi-pop air to it, thanks to orch. But the Tch. touch elevates it. A fine "Pique Dame" aria included. |
| TCHAIKOVSKY, NUTCRACKER SUITE. André Kostelanetz and his Orch. Columbia MM 714 (3) | Splendid technically, with enough highs to highlight many pleasing instrumental details. Somewhat deader than the more pretentious Col. orchestral records. | A+ | The last word in "Nutcrackers!" Improved recording, quiet surfaces, bring out unexpected instrumental bits—triangles, etc. |
| KHACHATURIAN, VIOLIN CONCERTO. Louis Kaufman, Santa Monica Symphony, Rachmilovitch. Concert Hall AN (4 *plastic*) | Still too dead—this orch. hasn't recognized liveness as a musical "must"! Violin too prominent, too close; orch. a discreet background. | *AA*+ | A colorful, unoriginal work, as usual highly skilful in the writing, with little to say of more than superficial interest. |
| **BACH** | | | |
| BACH, BRANDENBURG CONCERTO #4. Pro Musica Orch. Klemperer. Vox 621 (2 *plastic*) | Recorded close-to, in chamber style. Balance not overly good; harps. is too loud, inner parts (viola) unduly prominent. Low highs bright, high highs absent. | *AA* | More "authentic" Bach—it comes thick and fast. Small chamber group, as Bach did it. An energetic, strangely bouncy reading, but not unmusical by any means. |
| **WAGNERIAN EXCERPTS** | | | |
| WAGNER, RHEINGOLD; "WEICHE, WOTAN." Blanche Thebom, RCA Victor Orch. Weissmann. Victor 11-9795 (1) | Ringing, live acoustics, corridor-like, but well suited to this voice, this music. Diction clear. | A— | Gorgeous contralto quality, well acted, spoken. A good Wagner record. (Reverse has aria from "La Gioconda.") |
| WAGNER, MEISTERSINGER; PRIZE SONG, AM STILLEN HERD. Set Svanholm, RCA Victor Orch. Weissmann. Victor 11-9791 (1) | Same acoustics as Thebom Rheingold record, not quite as well suited to tenor quality. Still, effective. | A— | A good, solid, forceful Wagnerian voice, but tonally monotonous—same brilliance throughout. Pitch not too musically secure. |
| ROUSSEL, PETITE SUITE, OPUS 39. Paris Conservatory Orch. Munch. Decca London EDA 37 (2) | Profuse instrumental detail of this music sometimes lost in the very live Decca recording. | A | A post-Ravel work, by a man older than Ravel. He did his best work in last years, was leader of French moderns. |


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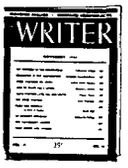



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# the Phoenix Nest

### ANOTHER DAWN

NOW GROWING out of my walnut mood
Is a white endurance flower in bloom
Nourished with precision by winter wood
And the genii of the riverbed womb.

Shall I descend from the loamy hill
Where I watch the pale faced sky
And friendly waters smooth and still
Over which astonished herons cry?

The earth is cool with keen breath of wind
And sea gulls track down the delicate sun,
But I long to restore the hungry mind,
And the burning heart, with another dawn.

JUDAH M. TURKAT.

* * *

Here is something for the Loyalty Legion. It comes to me from Joseph Hoffman of California. It ought to have been investigated long ago.

In going through a December 1876 *Harper's*, I came across the following poem which I thought might entertain your readers. It was sent in by a lady of Litchfield, Conn., who found it among the papers of her grandmother. On the back was this memorandum: "Lines distributed by a prisoner on his way to Fort George." The editor wrote, "The lines are in the form of a puzzle. If read according to the numbers on the left hand, it is a rebel document; if according to those on the right, or in the ordinary way, it is loyal."

I

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | The pomp of courts and pride of kings | 1 |
| 3 | I prize above all earthly things. | 2 |
| 5 | I love my country, but the king | 3 |
| 7 | Above all men his praise I sing; | 4 |
| 9 | The royal banners are displayed, | 5 |
| 11 | And may success the standard aid! | 6 |

II

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | I fain would banish far from hence | 7 |
| 4 | The Rights Of Man and Common-Sense | 8 |
| 6 | Confusion to his odious reign, | 9 |
| 8 | That foe to princes, Thomas Paine | 10 |
| 10 | Defeat and ruin seize the cause | 11 |
| 12 | Of France, its liberties and laws. | 12 |

### THOSE DUSTED BOOKS

I love the Ballade, and I wholly agree
With the one that you used, by G. W. B.,
That dusting ones books is oodles of fun;
But after the job is finally done,
And stored the electrolux is and the ladder,
There's nothing that makes you really madder
Than seeing the soot so swiftly mottle
The shining face you gave Aristotle.

(Don't get me wrong—I don't ask for pity,
For strange as it seems I *like* the city!)

So with spreads from Persia, till Summer ends,
With some reluctance I cover my friends;
For thumb-tacked edges are easily loosed
To browse with Browning or ponder on Proust.
And yet though the room seems strangely quiet,
Behind where the patterned roses riot
I fancy I've heard a muttered "Labor!"
Where Plato argues with Marx, his neighbor.

AMY GROESBECK.

* * *

Recently I have been interested in the transformation of the old *Yale Literary Magazine* into a periodical really abreast of the times. The Christmas issue, which was introduced by Cleanth Brooks, contains criticisms of such important American writers as Henry James (by Albert E. Stone), Theodore Dreiser (by James Yaffe), Ernest Hemingway (by T. McMahon), William Faulkner (by Hubert D. Saal), and Robert Penn Warren (by William Wise). Although never eligible at college for *The Lit*—as I was a heathen over in Sheff—I have always kept it in warm remembrance, particularly since my brother was its editor in his time. I am glad to see that it is so intelligently interested in modern American literature. More power to it!

* * *

### THE LITTLE LIBRARIAN

She sat with some demureness in her chair,
Her hair sedately twisted in a bun,
She seemed to thrive on intellectual air,
Whose dress was that of wren or modest nun.
She looked intently with her tortoised eyes
At books of Kant and Freud, which she kept turning,
Her patrons knew that she was Solomon-wise
Who sat so still and emanated learning.

Now with horn-rims tinted vivid red,
Her wagon hitched to Zanuck's latest star,
A golden halo crowns her youthful head,
Her dress befits a Grable or Lamarr.
She seems a lovely thing made to enamor,
Minerva-wise, yet emanating glamor.

ELIZABETH CHARLES WELBORN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above metamorphosis is vouched for by the poet, as she knows of one particular library where a stylist was called in to "streamline" the librarians!*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Amos Lamb, in "The Manatee," by Nancy Bruff. 2. Mr. Day in "Life with Father," by Clarence Day. 3. Daniel Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 4. Captain Corcoran, in "H. M. S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert. 5. Mr. Blandings, in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," by Eric Hodgins. 6. Hank Martin, in "A Lion Is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 7. Mr. O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 8. Pop Foyle, in "Kitty Foyle," by Christopher Morley. 9. Ripley Little, in "The Fighting Littles," by Booth Tarkington. 10. Mr. Parcher, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.



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## POETRY

(Continued from page 17)

whole, is very easy to read, they do not necessarily make for depth of perception or a high degree of originality in the expression. And there are a few poems where all, by the end, is quicksand or marsh. One of these, in spite of a good theme, is "Night Game," which employs the kind of manner and accent generally associated with Ernest Hemingway or Raymond Chandler. I don't know what kind of influences Mr. Humphries has been exposed to, but it is to a degree irrelevant because the effect of this manner if it does not come off—and it does not here—when used by a literate individual is that a clerk imitating the language at Stillman's gym or a headmaster slanging the football team.

At an opposite pole, in "A Word of Guidance," Mr. Humphries turns from the inevitable statement and conclusion toward which he has been heading and, as if in a sudden fear that it would be too flat and obvious, puts the last line in French—"*Cette dame nature, cette dame realité.*" Far from taking the curse off, this makes it hopeless and ruins by a sort of abrupt false shyness and mincing confusion an otherwise honest poem.

There are other manners which, if less unfortunate, are still not pleasing. A kind of hortatory echo intrudes of the nineteenth-century, pass-on-the-torch school in lines like: To bravery in season, spirit, man. / Face it. You must. You can; and Repeating, simply, still, / I have, I do, I will. There is more of this both as to style and content, an attitude reflected in "The Oak Leaf" or, though much better organized and presented, in "Concerto in D Major."

If all this does not seem much in keeping with the virtues to which I have referred, let me quote from the first poem: Yet there was winter visible in the east: / Across brown fields the tattered leaves were blowing, / And someone on a grey and jaded beast, / Cowboy or knight, there was no way of knowing / In the bewildering dusk, with daylight going, / Stumbled down-hill across the hummocked grass. / An image seen through snow behind a glass, / And even within the picture it was thickly snowing.

Here and in a few others, such as "Scales and Scorpions," there is a facility and a delicacy which delights and does not tire even with the re-reading. In these Mr. Humphries writes like a scholar and a gentleman, if not a first-rate poet.


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(Continued on page 34)



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(Continued from page 33)

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 720

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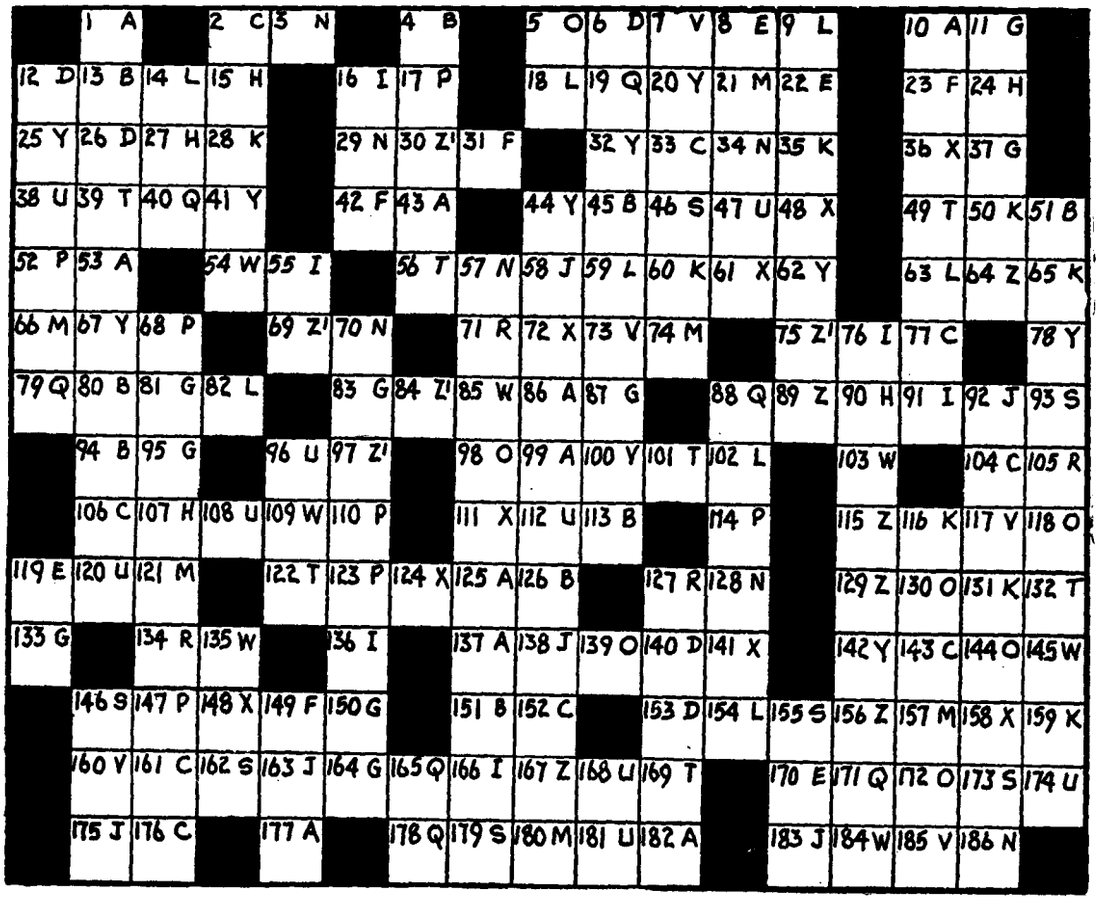
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Attorney general of the U.S., 1909-13. | 137 1 86 182 53 125 43 99 177 10 |
| B. Any marauding nomad (origin Bib.; descendant of Esau). | 4 94 80 45 51 13 151 113 126 |
| C. Polish woman interpreter in this country of early keyboard music (1877-). | 33 104 176 77 161 106 152 143 2 |
| D. Irascible; petulant. | 153 6 12 140 26 |
| E. A "Lake" battle, Sept. 10, 1813 (American victory). | 22 8 119 170 |
| F. "The Apostle of the Franks" (5th Cent.). | 149 31 23 42 |
| G. English dramatist (17th century; "The Plain Dealer"). | 83 11 133 87 95 81 164 150 37 |
| H. God of marriage (Gr. Myth.). | 107 24 90 27 15 |
| I. To yoke or harness, as oxen to a wagon (S. Africa). | 16 76 55 91 136 166 |
| J. Mother of Achilles (Gr. Myth.). | 92 138 163 58 175 183 |
| K. View; observation. | 116 159 35 28 60 131 50 65 |
| L. To attempt to influence (2 wds.). | 63 9 154 102 18 14 82 59 |
| M. Became excited or inflamed. | 66 121 180 21 157 74 |
| N. American author and lecturer on science; founded *Popular Science Monthly*, 1872 (1821-87). | 70 57 34 3 29 186 128 |
| O. Marking the commencement. | 172 5 139 98 144 130 118 |
| P. Third symphony by Schumann. | 52 123 110 68 114 17 147 |
| Q. To display, esp. for inspection. | 79 171 19 40 178 165 88 |
| R. Heroine of opera "La Bohème" (Puccini). | 105 127 71 134 |
| S. American artist and author ("A Spanish Girl" at Met. Museum; 1779-1843). | 155 173 179 93 146 46 162 |
| T. Important; pressing; urgent. | 132 56 169 49 39 101 122 |
| U. Influential German poet and philosopher of the Übermensch (1844-1900). | 47 108 174 96 120 168 181 38 112 |
| V. Having or suffering from a malady. | 117 100 160 185 73 7 |
| W. Russian lyric poet (1824-61; "The Volga Boatman"). | 135 54 184 103 109 85 145 |
| X. Inclined to visualize everything (Comp.). | 124 111 141 36 72 61 158 148 48 |
| Y. Jargon. | 62 20 32 44 25 41 67 142 78 |
| Z. Mode or system of rule or management. | 115 167 156 64 129 89 |
| Z.' A lord or grandee of a Mohammedan court in India. | 97 69 30 75 84 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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